Hearts and Flourishes: A Valentine Scrapbook

02830

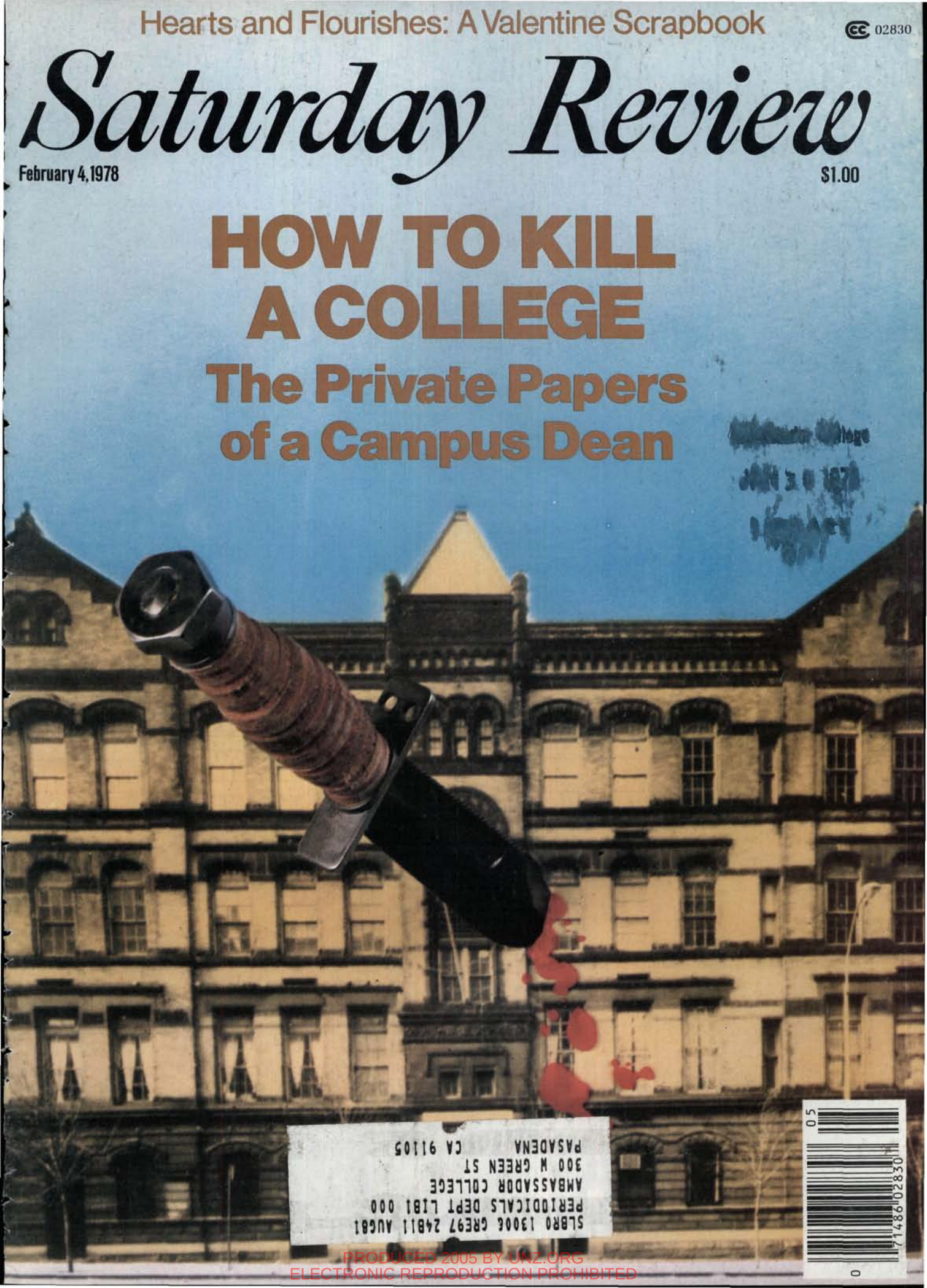
Saturday Review

February 4, 1978

$1.00

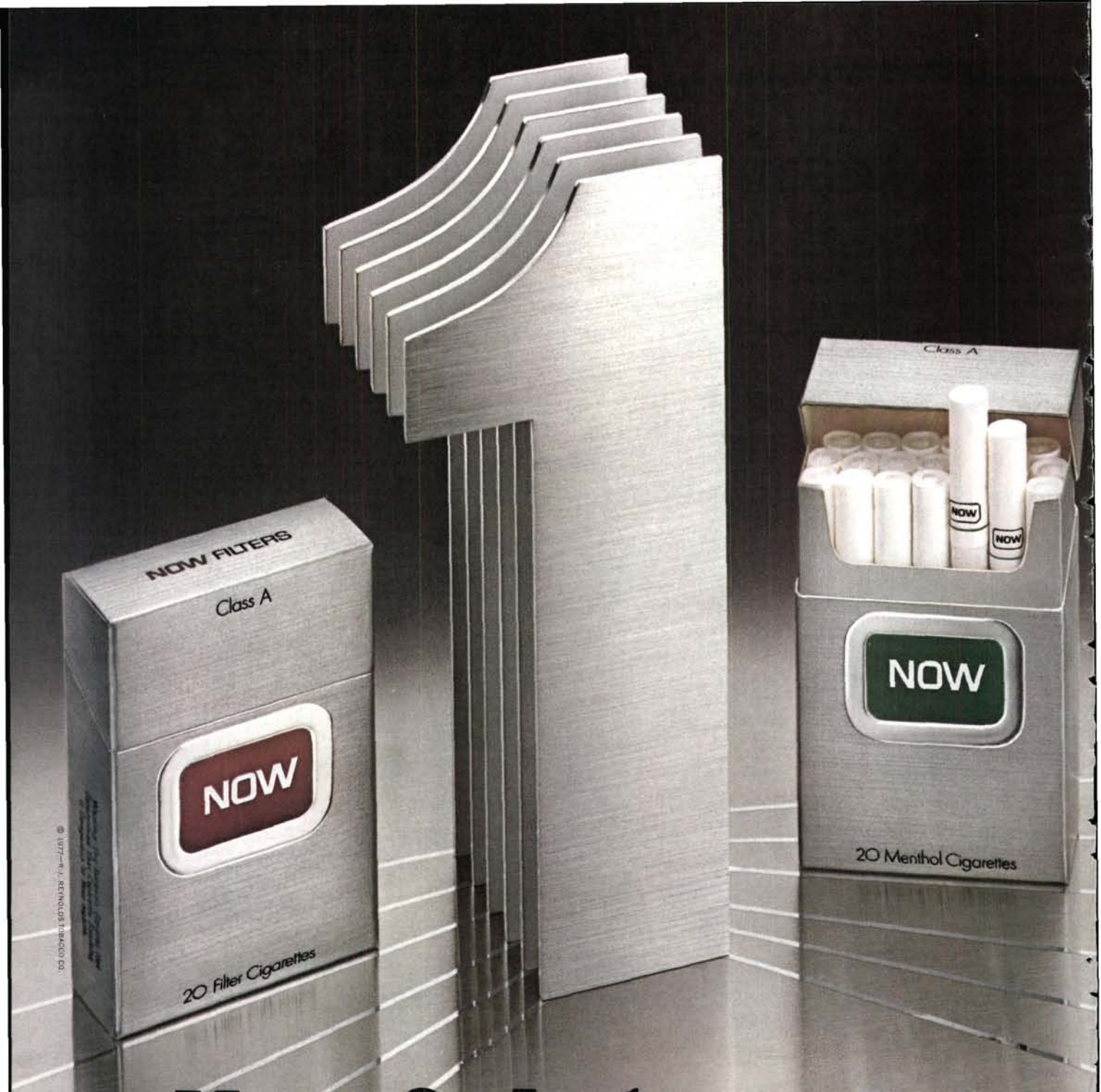
HOW TO KILL A COLLEGE

The Private Papers of a Campus Dean



SLBRO 13006 GRE97 24B11 AUG81
PERIODICALS DEPT LIB1 000
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
300 N GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91105

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



© 1977—R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Now. Only 1 mg tar.

This is more than just low 'tar.' This is ultra-low 'tar.' This is Now, a cigarette with only 1 mg 'tar.' If you want to be sure you're getting ultra-low 'tar,' count all the way down to Now's number 1.

The ultra-low tar cigarette.

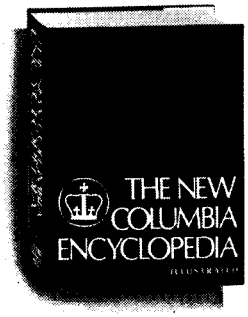
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", .1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Invaluable Reference Books.

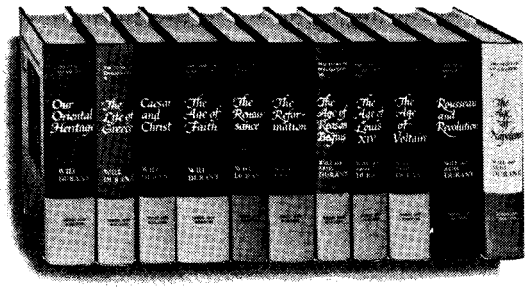
THE NEW COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA



New fourth edition...completely revised after a 12-year interim for $10
Publisher's list price: $79.50

Like earlier editions, this latest illustrated edition is again acclaimed as the best single-volume encyclopedia in the English language. Completely revised and updated—7,000 new articles from world affairs to sports...useful features such as Nobel Prize winners, tables of rulers of many countries.

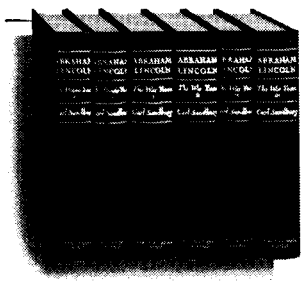
All eleven volumes of THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION



by Will and Ariel Durant for $20
Publisher's list price $248.55

A powerful history of all mankind. To own it is to have at your fingertips a reference work of undisputed authority, one of the great literary achievements of the 20th century.

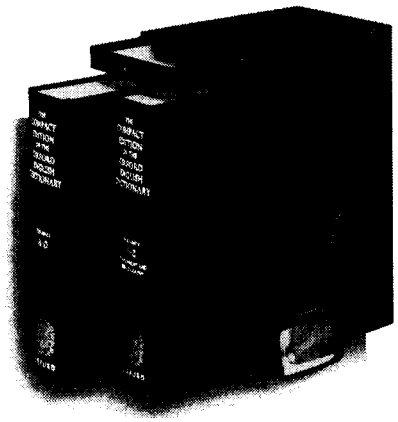
Carl Sandburg's Pulitzer Prize-Winning ABRAHAM LINCOLN



The entire six-volume set for $12.50
Publisher's list price: $120

More than a portrait of a great American, this six-volume biography is a vivid tapestry of America in crisis and resolution—a work of timeless beauty for this and future generations.

The Compact Edition of the OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY



for $17.50. Publisher's list price: $95

The world's best dictionary of the English language. Contents are identical to the original $395 thirteen-volume set.

Add one of these enduring reference books or sets to your library at exceptional savings.

Choose from the best. A useful and valuable dictionary, desk encyclopedia, history of civilization or life of Lincoln. Reference books that sell in bookstores for what may be prohibitive prices can now be yours at extraordinary savings (up to $228.55). This immediate bounty is a demonstration of the continuing benefits of Club membership. As a member you'll be kept abreast of the best, most important books published today. And it's only one of the many reasons why Book-of-the-Month Club is the best book club.

Bookstore Quality at Book Club Savings. You conveniently shop at home at considerable savings. *Example:* If you took the Story of Civilization for $20, bought six books and two Book-Dividends, you could save an average of $240—*including* postage and handling. And these are true savings because every book is *exactly* like the one sold in good bookstores—the same size, paper, type and binding. You *never* receive cheap book-club editions altered in size and with inferior paper and bindings.

Book-Dividends. Every book you buy earns credits which entitle you to choose from a wide variety of significant books at hard-to-believe savings of *at least 70%* when you remain a Club member after the trial period.

Additional Club Benefits. A distinguished collection of specially produced record albums, beautiful gifts and games, children's books and a Club charge account with no service or interest charges—all made available exclusively to members.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Some of the Benefits of Membership.

You receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*®, a literary magazine, 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a Main Selection plus scores of Alternates.

If you want the *Main Selection* do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.

Return Privilege. If the *News* is delayed and you receive the *Main Selection* without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it at our expense.

Cancellations. Your membership is cancelable at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Simply notify Book-of-the-Month Club.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pa. 17012 8-A225-2-1

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the reference work I have checked below. Bill me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping charges. I agree to buy 4 books during the coming year.

☐ Compact OED $17.50 ☐ Abraham Lincoln $12.50 ☐ New Columbia Ency. $10 ☐ The Story of Civ. $20

MR.
MRS.
MISS_____ 37
(Please print plainly)

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

AMERICA'S BOOKSTORE® Since 1926, 330 million books in 15 million homes.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SATURDAY REVIEW'S TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL ADVERTISING AWARDS

Entries are now being welcomed for *Saturday Review*'s twenty-fourth Annual Awards for "Distinctive Advertising in the Public Interest." The submissions will be judged on the basis of visual excellence, quality of copywriting, and, above all, whether or not the advertisement serves the public as well as the advertiser.

The exact definition of what constitutes "the public interest" will be left to the judges. In the past, we have honored advertisers who try to explain to the public their stands on major issues, as well as advertisers who encourage philanthropic or public-spirited actions. It is *Saturday Review*'s conviction that the quality of a nation's intellectual life and of its publications depends on the contributions of advertisers as well as of editors and writers and that without the contributions of advertisers our national dialogue would be that much poorer.

All submissions must have been published in either a magazine or a newspaper in calendar year 1977. Copies of the advertisement or, in the case of a campaign, advertisements, should be addressed to:

Richard Barthelmes
Associate Publisher
Saturday Review Magazine
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019

The deadline for submissions is April 1, 1978. The judges will include members of the Advertising and News Editorial faculties of the S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications at Syracuse University, as well as representatives from the professional community. The winners will be announced in *Saturday Review*'s Midyear Business Review, July 8, 1978.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

February 4, 1978

4 **Editor's Page** by N.C.

5 **Letters from Readers**

6 **Front Runners**

Articles

12 **How to Kill a College: The Private Papers of a Campus Dean** by Theodore L. Gross
An open admissions debacle

21 **Hearts and Flourishes: A Valentine Scrapbook**
A mixed bouquet especially prepared for February 14, a day when you've gotta have heart

Books

30 **On Becoming American** by Ted Morgan Reviewed by Jane Larkin Crain

32 **Captain Pantoja and the Special Service** by Mario Vargas Llosa
Reviewed by Emile Capouya

33 **A Craving for Reality: Andrei Voznesensky in America** by William Jay Smith

34 **Two Poems** by Andrei Voznesensky *"Do Not Forget" and "Nostalgia for the Present"*

37 **Books in Brief**

40 **Fine Print** by Doris Grumbach

41 **Trade Winds** by William Cole

The Arts

42 **Neo-disco-Hindi and Other Permutations** by Dean Havron
A rational and almost coherent lexicon of rock

44 **A Two-Handkerchief Smash** by Walter Terry The Turning Point *in review*

45 **Neil Simon's First Good Play** by Martin Gottfried *Funny in an anarchic way*

46 **Cover-up at ABC** by Karl E. Meyer *Case of the mysterious Idi Amin special*

47 **Two Beached Whales** by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
Like wines, some directors travel, some don't

Features

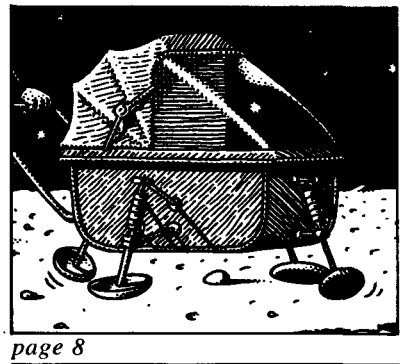
25 **Booked for Travel** by Horace Sutton
Piscatorial pleasures adrift in the keys of Florida. Ah, Fla.

48 **Scienceletter** by Albert Rosenfeld *Does the universe breathe?*

50 **Light Refractions** by Thomas H. Middleton

56 **The Back Door** by Carll Tucker

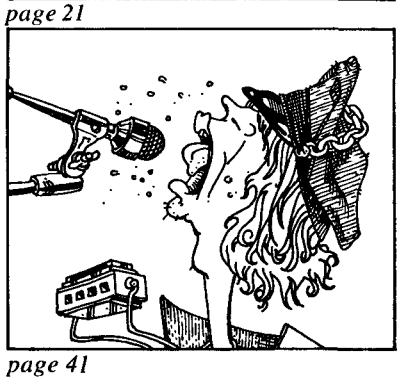
25 **Wit Twister No. 111** 40 **Literary Crypt No. 100** 55 **Double-Crostic No. 140**



page 8

page 12

page 21



page 41

Saturday Review published biweekly by Saturday Review Magazine Corp., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019, (212) 246-9700. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$16; two years—$28; three years—$36 (all other countries—additional postage $3 per year). Vol. 5, No. 9, February 4, 1978. Back issues are $1.50 per copy. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Canadian postage paid at Montreal, P.Q., Canada. © 1978 by Saturday Review Magazine Corp. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. Saturday Review Magazine Corp. assumes no responsibility for any noncommissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., Saturday Review, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340, or call toll-free (800) 247-5470.

Cover by Ralph Bogertman

Cartoonists: Henry Martin, Bob Schochet, Clarence Brown, Don Dougherty, Ray Helle, Cary Grossman, Ed Arno

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Cultures

A GENERATION of scientists and humanists has come of age since C. P. Snow first called attention, in his book *The Two Cultures*, to the gap between the two groups. He was troubled by what he regarded as a wall of separation between those who were trained to think systematically and those who nurtured themselves in the world of the creative imagination. Sir Charles claimed that the two cultures had the greatest difficulty in understanding each other; that each had very little curiosity about what the other was doing; and that as a consequence, both had insufficient respect for each other at a time of mutual challenge.

The same charge certainly cannot be made today. Whatever rift may once have existed between scientists and humanists has been substantially closed. Indeed, as the special articles in *SR*'s December 10 issue on "God and Science" clearly demonstrated, the scientists have lost their feeling of strangeness even in the presence of theologians. The sciences have been de-mystified for the humanists; and the humanities have become less extraneous to the scientists. The ivory tower and the laboratory are no longer zones of isolation from which the occupants stare balefully at one another but are points of departure for a rounded view of life. Language, which at one time was the means for performing the rituals of detachment, is being used today for defining a common purpose.

The old gap between the two cultures, however, has been replaced by an even more serious division within the sciences and the humanities themselves. The separation between two intellectual worlds has given way to a profound philosophical cleavage that now cuts across all disciplines. It is a cleavage of values reflecting the differences in the way truth is perceived and pursued; differences in the way the world is understood; differences, more implicit than explicit perhaps, in the way the individual sees his obligations to society.

Some scientists, for example, see no question of conscience in lending themselves to the creation of devices for increasing the mastery of man by man. They recognize no issue of moral values in undertaking research for destructive mechanisms that no longer have anything to do with genuine national security but that can lead only to a holocaust of continental dimensions. They are neutral about breeding pathological organisms that condemn not only the living but generations yet to be born. In short, they have no difficulty in subordinating the human interest to the tribal interest.

These scientists justify their position by claiming that what they do in their laboratories is not harmful; what is harmful is what the politicians do with their work. These scientists do not accept responsibility for what others make of their theories or their discoveries. Science is pure; in devoting themselves to it, they see themselves as purists.

Other scientists, however, hold a contrasting view. They feel that they are in a better position to understand the implications and significance of what they are doing than the people who hire them to do it. Their colleagues may make proclamations in public about the morally antiseptic nature of science, but they feel that if they, the scientists, do not say openly what they know to be true, no one else will. They see no way of exempting themselves from the obligation to peer beyond the laboratory into the public arena.

Perhaps the prime example of this latter group would be the scientists who wrote a letter to President Truman early in 1945, imploring him to recognize that the atomic bomb was not merely a highly devastating weapon but a suicidal device of mass incineration that could bring down civilization itself. They urged that before dropping the bomb on a live target, the United States carry out a demonstration of the power of the bomb under the auspices of the International Red Cross. On the basis of that demonstration, an ultimatum could be issued and Japan itself would have the choice of surrendering or being subjected to nuclear war. But the President decided against such a test. Claims were later made that Japan had no interest in ending the war and that were it not for the atomic bomb, it would have been necessary for the United States to invade the Japanese mainland, with a consequent loss of hundreds of thousands of American lives. These claims, however, do not square with the fact that Japan had asked the Soviet Union to use its good offices to inquire about U.S. peace terms. The Soviet Union did not meet this request. The United States knew about the affair because it had intercepted the coded message from Tokyo to Moscow. Several months earlier, the Soviet Union, on prodding from the United States, had agreed to enter the war in the Far East. As soon as we knew we could end the war by ourselves, because of the atomic bomb, we wanted to be able to polish off Japan before the agreed-upon Russian entry. The purpose was to prevent the Soviet Union from establishing a claim on the occupation of Japan. Hence the U.S. decision to use the atomic bomb—not once but twice—in going for the knockout blow.

Since the end of World War II, many of the atomic scientists have continued to exercise their sense of responsibility by staying together and by trying to persuade the American people that modern warfare makes traditional concepts of victory and defeat obsolete, and that national security is to be achieved not through the pursuit of force, but through the control of it.

Just as the scientists have been divided by questions of moral priorities, so the humanists have been split by issues of human values. One group of writers and philosophers feels that questions of war and peace have become too technical and complex for them to handle. They feel that government leaders have far better sources of information and should not be subjected to pressures from the people.

Juxtaposed against them are the humanists who believe that in the making of moral judgments, the humblest citizen in the nation stands on even ground with a President. They feel, moreover, that there is something in the nature of government that makes it resistant to moral values. Men caught up in games of international realpolitik tend to delude themselves with the thought that "hard" matters of military policy are the only ones that count. History, however, is littered with the relics of civilizations whose leaders felt uncomfortable or scornful in the presence of moral questions.

Two hundred years ago, a great nation was founded on the idea that the strength of a country begins with moral concepts, the truth of which is confirmed in the natural response of human beings and in the history of the race. If we want that nation to go on for another two hundred years, we will dispense with the nonsense that moral values are incidental and that the national interest can stand apart from the human interest. —N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor
Norman Cousins
President
Carll Tucker

Managing Editor
Peter Young
Editorial Director
Horace Sutton
Art Director
Alfred de la Houssaye
Senior Editors
Hallowell Bowser, Roland Gelatt, Doris Grumbach, Susan Heath, Irving Kolodin, Albert Rosenfeld, Roger M. Williams
Associate Editor
Susan Schiefelbein
Copy Editor
Carol Mauro
Assistant Copy Editors
Gina E. Grant, Joan E. Henricksen
Associate Art Director
Lily Hou
Assistant Art Director
Laura Hart
Assistant Editors
Karen Braeder, Susan von Hoffmann, Susan Ochshorn
Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace, Clarence Brown, William Cole, Owen Edwards, Fred M. Hechinger, Jonathan Evan Maslow, Karl E. Meyer, Thomas H. Middleton, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Christopher H. Stern, Walter Terry, Margaret R. Weiss

Advertising Director
Anthony Salisbury
Associate Publisher
Richard B. Barthelmes
Travel Advertising Manager
Jay Stelzer
Advertising Sales
Thomas G. Petersen, Jr., Vicki H. Richards
Classified Advertising Manager
June Tooni
Director of Advertising Services
Joan Grant
Production Director
Gerald W. Harris
Advertising Representatives: Western Region, Donald G. Dickey Co., 681 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94105; Midwestern Region, Joseph Wall & Associates, 400 Ascot Drive, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068; Detroit, David L. McDonald, 1100 N. Woodward, Birmingham, Mich. 48011; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives, Inc. Atlanta (404) 352-2173, Miami (305) 856-8326, Tampa (813) 837-5618
Research Director
Judy Berenberg
Circulation Director
George Reeves
Controller
Nathan Cohn
Assistant to Controller
Bobby Levasseur
Accounting
Dave Freed
Office Manager
Susan Selby
Administrative Assistants
Dorothy Murray, Emily Suesskind, Mary Swift

Letters from Readers

Moral Codes and the Court

Carll Tucker's reply to a letter from Alice M. Ackley ["Legality Versus Morality," November 26] about a statement he made to the effect that the Supreme Court decision of 1973 resolved the "moral factor" in the abortion question ["Carter and Abortion," September 17] disturbs me.

For the past 30 years, *SR* has been part of a tradition that goes back at least to the ancient Greeks, who had a moral code that arose from man's very being and that was a silent guide for man's behavior. Each generation has had to rediscover this code for itself. Our own knowledge of it came to us through John of Salisbury and Fortisque to Justice Coke and John Locke. It was to this code that our Founding Fathers appealed to justify their revolution under the "laws of nature and of nature's God."

Tucker would have the state determine its own morality. But the state is composed of individuals, whether officers or citizens, every one of whom is subject, as a human being, to that same moral code. Winning elections does not exempt anyone from the law that binds us all, and the idea that officials can absolve themselves of responsibility to this moral code, or set up a legal code contrary to it, is one that this country rejected at the Nuremberg trials.

If a country's officials and representatives plot out a mistaken course for their society, the basic moral law goes unchanged. Indeed, Ackley's protest is itself proof that the moral code remains relevant. Without such an ethic, how could she or anyone else have the right to protest injustices or tyrannies that various governments have imposed on their people? Without it, how could we fashion a future world to meet the needs of mankind?

Rev. G. G. Grant
Chicago, Ill.

Beauty and the Beastly

Although it is true, as Susan Sontag says ["False Images," December 10], that photography beautifies whatever subject it portrays, no matter how morally ugly, the same can be said of all art that attempts to represent reality. If Diane Arbus's photography dulls our sympathy for the misshapen, then *Macbeth* dulls our horror of a regicide. Does art deaden our ability to respond to the real? Perhaps this was the reason that the God of Abraham forbade imagery: not to prevent idolatry, but to prevent fading sensibility to reality. If Susan Sontag is correct, her criticism must extend beyond photography to any art other than the purely formal. She is either mistaken or horribly right.

Tobias Haller
New York, N.Y.

The Press and Fair Practice

N.C.'s comments on the press's freedom are authentic ["A Fairness Doctrine for the Press?" November 12]. I spent almost half a century as an editor. During the first years, I immaturely felt that the press could do no wrong—except perhaps for Hearst. About 1940 I began to realize that the press was selfish, pontifical, and only spasmodically prone to putting public interest above its own immediate fortunes. As time passed, I saw some good and great newspapers and admired them. Some were in large cities and some in small cities or towns, almost where one would least expect them. I worked for courageous editors who involved themselves in community and state affairs; stood by their product; did not make themselves remote or isolate themselves from their critics; and sought and, when appropriate, followed advice. I saw the advent of the great chains and the bottom line as being supreme. I saw sensationalism peddled nationally by a crew of carpetbaggers, some of whom should have been jailed for their criminal carelessness with facts, to the detriment of my state. I asked the then president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors to obtain a discussion of such practices with a view to exposing their unethicalness, and despite our long friendship, I received the sleaziest of replies.

For many years I have been perturbed lest the privileges of the First Amendment, turned into license (or licentiousness) by a few of our craft, bring the whole communications media up on a short leash. The First Amendment is no different than anything else that Charles Evans Hughes described when he said that the Constitution is what the judges say it is.

America needs, as N.C. said so well, a free and a responsible press; and the press now has its first opportunity to introduce responsibility through the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the American Newspaper Publishers Association, the National Conference of Editorial Writers, and other organizations that have a duty to provide leadership. They need not sit by and await the swing of a pendulum that has already swung far and high in the press's direction. Any editor or publisher who refuses to address himself to the element of responsibility is a fool. He is committing a blunder, and as the French say, a blunder is worse than a crime.

If I had it to do over, I would fight, not support, the so-called Newspaper Protection Act.

David Brinegar
Tucson, Ariz.

(Editor's Note: David Brinegar, retired executive editor of the *Arizona Daily Star*, has contributed to *Saturday Review.)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Front Runners

Jack Tom

Dumb Enough to Rent?

If you live in New York State and are looking for an apartment, make sure the landlord thinks you're dumb. That, in effect, is what the New York State Supreme Court recently ruled in the case of Judith Pierce, a divorced black lawyer who serves as general counsel for the New York City Commission on Human Rights.

According to *The New York Times*, Pierce was turned down for an apartment because the landlord, Stanley Stahl, believed "she would be a source of trouble to me as a tenant." Apparently, Pierce has too great a knowledge of her rights; a tenant less well versed and competent was preferred.

The court confirmed the landlord's right "to keep out of his building intelligent persons, aware of their rights, who may give him trouble in the future." Although tenants are protected by discrimination laws covering race, creed, national origin, sex, and marital status, no laws exist concerning educational or occupational levels.

"Regrettable though it may be," wrote Justice Edward J. Greenfield, "a landlord can employ other criteria to determine the acceptability of his tenants—occupational, physical, or otherwise."

Gimme Shelter

Increasing numbers of young married Britons face an agonizing choice: Should they start a family, or buy a house?

Many cannot afford both, and the declining British birthrate may partly reflect the fact that quite a few young couples choose to purchase a home before having children. Indeed, as far as housing is concerned, Britain is now divided into two nations—one made up of those over the age of thirty, who bought their houses before prices became inflated, and the other, of those just beginning to hunt for homes.

About seven years ago, the cost of houses began to shoot up, rapidly surpassing the rate of increase of nearly all other prices. Between 1970 and 1974, when the boom peaked, the average cost of an English home more than doubled, to the equivalent of $19,000.

This price tag may seem like a bargain by American standards. It should be considered, however, that incomes are far higher in the United States than they are in Britain, where $10,000 per year is a good salary. The emerging generation of potential homeowners, therefore, is not being satisfied, and the dilemma, for which nobody in England seems to have a solution, may be worldwide in scope.

The Politics of Sterility

Are America's poor being sterilized against their will? This ugly rumor has long been whispered about among the nation's low-income minorities. Now it is beginning to surface, hissing and steaming, in courts of law across the country. In Los Angeles, 10 Chicano women have filed suit claiming they were "surgically sterilized... without having first given their free and informed consent." In Pennsylvania, Norma Jean Serena, a Creek-Shawnee Indian, has entered suit claiming that welfare caseworkers "pressured" her into accepting sterilization while she lay in a Philadelphia hospital bed, exhausted from childbirth. The hospital's records say, starkly, that Mrs. Serena was sterilized "for socioeconomic reasons"—translation: because she was receiving welfare.

The brief in the Los Angeles case says that during labor, Mrs. Dolores Madrigal "was presented by the doctor with a set of consent forms which she was told to sign. Under the severe pains of labor, and assured that the operation could be easily reversed, Mrs. Madrigal signed the forms [and after delivery] was... sterilized." The forms were in English, which Mrs. Madrigal cannot read, and "only after the operation was [she] informed that the operation was irreversible."

With the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW) funding 100,000 to 150,000 sterilizations yearly, the problem of full and informed consent is becoming a major issue. Various foundations and groups are alarmed about the situation, and recently 30 organizations from across the country met in Washington to plead with HEW for closer controls and knowledgeable counseling, especially for lower-income women contemplating sterilization or hysterectomies.

Continued

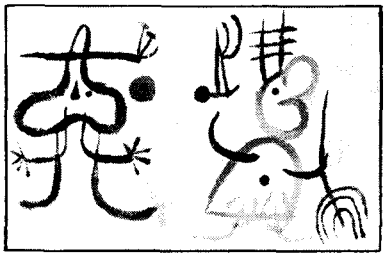
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to tell original prints from cheap reproductions.

Buying original prints is an excellent way for the novice to make a modest investment in beautiful works of art.

The buyer had better beware, however.

As more and more attention is being given to art as an investment, more and more dealers are trying to pass off cheap reproductions as fine art.



Joan Miro's original lithograph, *L'Enfance d'Ubu*. Signed limited edition of 120.

At the Original Print Collectors Group, we sell only fine original works to a growing number of people who are enthusiastic about buying good art at moderate prices.

One of our primary concerns is to educate our customers, so that they'll be able to discriminate and get true value for their money.

A few pointers, then about original prints:

Original prints, whatever the process used to create them, are "hand-pulled" under the artist's supervision, or by the artist himself. This means that any work produced photographically or by another purely mechanical process is not an *original* print.

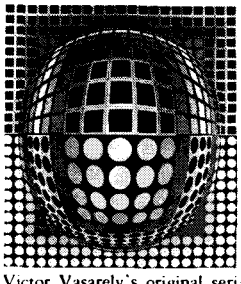
If you examine a print under a magnifying glass and discover a regular pattern of small dots, you will know immediately that it is not an original work.

G. Clark Sealy's original etching, *Lotus Pond*. Signed limited edition of 125.

If the print is a serigraph (produced by a silkscreen process), the ink will seem rather like paint and appear to be sitting upon (rather than absorbed into) the paper.

Etchings and engravings will produce a physical impression on the paper itself.

Contemporary original prints will always be signed in pencil by the artist himself, to indicate personal supervision and approval of the individual print.



Victor Vasarely's original serigraph, *Bika*. Signed limited edition of 125.

Original prints are always produced in limited editions, at the most several hundred copies. If thousands of copies are available, then the work is almost certainly *not* original. (In most cases, to assure that the integrity of their work is not violated, artists will destroy the plate after the edition has been produced.)

The print will have a figure on its border, indicating the number of prints pulled and the number of the individual print in the sequence.

For example, the figure 50/100 means that the edition has been limited to 100, and that this is the 50th print pulled.

© 1978 OPCG

Bernard Charoy's original lithograph, *Paysage Bleu*. Signed limited edition of 175.

Is the edition limited and is the print numbered? Did the artist personally sign the individual work?

There's a lot more to be learned about buying original prints, more than we can tell you on this page.

But if you'll send for our free color brochure, we'll be happy to tell you more, and show you the quality and variety of the prints we offer.

They include limited edition etchings, serigraphs and lithographs by both contemporary and traditional artists with international reputations. Some examples: Calder, Chagall, Dali, Delacroix, Picasso and Renoir.

If you decide to buy a print, we'll frame it handsomely and send it to you with a full money back guarantee. If you're not satisfied for any reason, you simply return your print and get a full refund.

We'll also send you a brochure, every two months, featuring new selections of prints, along with an informative newsletter.

If you're interested in investing in art, invest a 13¢ stamp today.

Original print collectors group, Ltd.

120 East 56th Street, Dept.SR5, New York, N.Y. 10022

☐ Please send me your free color brochure, sample newsletter, and other information, with no obligation.

Name _____

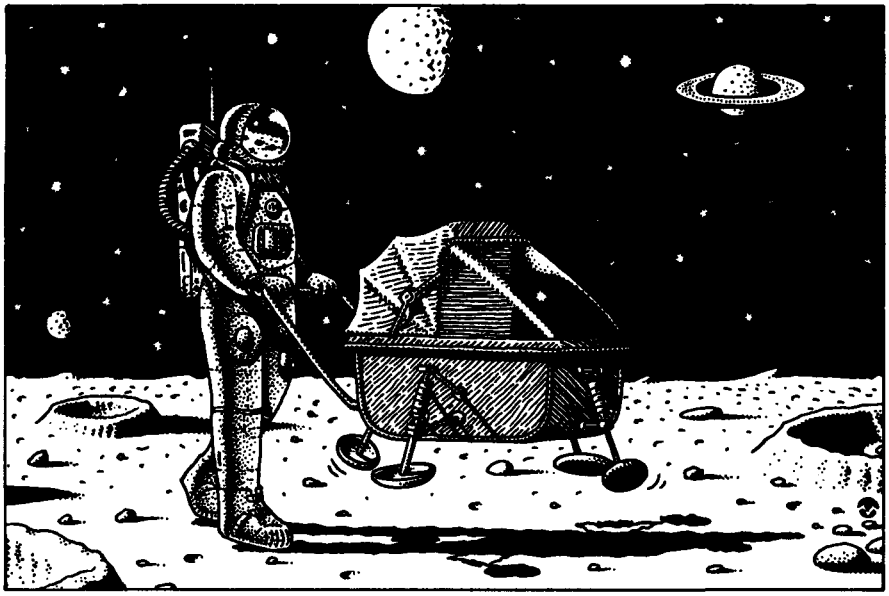
Please print legibly

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Front Runners



Marvin Mattelson

Things to Come

Babies born in space? It's coming, says scientist Jesco von Puttkamer, and sooner than you may think—perhaps by the mid-1990s.

"I see the biggest event in modern world history being the first person born in space," says Von Puttkamer. "I figure it will happen by 1995 or a little later.... It will prove that people aren't just tied to the earth to reproduce."

Von Puttkamer is no daydreamer: He is NASA's program manager for space-use and long-range planning studies. "By the end of the 1980s," he says, "there will be a permanent base station in space, and by the 1990s I figure that between fifty and one hundred persons will be living there permanently.... They will get tired of shuttling back and forth to earth, and suddenly we will find them living there all the time."

The Ropedancers

Life in Israel is often a tightrope dance between ancient traditions and modern technology. Recently, an Israeli engineer named Dov Zioni was called on to avert a social crisis by thinking up a way to make steam kosher—that is, to make it ritually fit for use under the Orthodox Jewish laws governing food preparation and consumption.

The kosher-steam problem arose from the fact that Orthodox law says milk and meat may not be mixed—yet in cafeterias, hospitals, and hotels all over Israel, meat dishes were being kept hot by the same steam used to heat food products containing milk. The situation allowed for only two solutions: Either close down every steam table in Israel—a Draconian move—or prove somehow that steam itself is kosher, therefore freely usable.

Zioni, a specialist in such matters, found a circuitous but workable way around the problem. First, he cited an Orthodox law that says kosher food cannot be contaminated by something that is not food. Next, Zioni found a related law that says a substance is not food *if a dog won't eat it.*

Putting these facts together, Zioni worked out a Solomonic solution: He put pine oil concentrate in the water used to generate steam and then found that dogs refused to drink the water condensed from this steam; ergo, the steam was not food. In this way, tradition was upheld, and now slightly pine-scented steam gushes freely through Israel's steam tables without ecclesiastical hindrance.

Blackout

The eating habits of airline pilots are becoming a matter of life and death. In *Flight Operations* magazine, David C. Quinn summarizes the reasons for an accident involving a Boeing 727.

It turns out that the experienced pilot made five glaring errors in judgment that apparently resulted from mental confusion. The accident review board traced the errors to these facts: The pilot had "abnormally low blood sugar. The effects... include subtle mental confusion... and decrease of psychomotor ability"; and "during the 13 hours preceding the accident, the captain's total food intake was a sandwich eaten the previous evening and a cup of coffee the morning of the accident."

The board concluded that "flight crews and management should be aware of the importance of maintaining adequate blood sugar levels through regular, well-balanced food intake."

Extensive Damage

Speaking about O. J. Simpson's damaged knee, Buffalo Bills owner Ralph C. Wilson called the injury "a terrible blow to football.... It reminds me of something that happened in the past. It was two days after the bomb was dropped at Hiroshima. I was there, and the feeling I had then is the same way I feel today about O. J.'s injury."

Front Runners Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. We regret that we cannot acknowledge receipt of materials, run by-lines with items, or return unused submissions.
Please send items to:
Front Runners, Saturday Review,
1290 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, N.Y. 10019.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

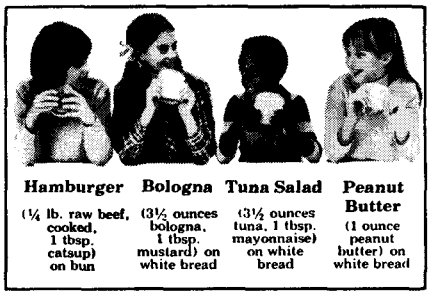
Consumer Reports thinks you should know:

How good is the bologna in that sandwich?

Of the 35 brands and varieties of bologna tested by *Consumer Reports* for quality, *nine* were rated Poor or Very Poor for taste. The samples, bought in food stores, were either rancid or showed beginning signs of rancidity.

The start of rancidity can often be detected by a perfume-like scent. So the sweet smell of your bologna may be trying to tell you something.

How does the bologna sandwich compare with the others?



Hamburger	Bologna	Tuna Salad	Peanut Butter
(¼ lb. raw beef, cooked, 1 tbsp. catsup) on bun	(3½ ounces bologna, 1 tbsp. mustard) on white bread	(3½ ounces tuna, 1 tbsp. mayonnaise) on white bread	(1 ounce peanut butter) on white bread

The bologna sandwich earned our lowest vote of confidence.

Consumer Reports explored this in detail in its article "How Good is the Bologna in that Sandwich?"

Here's how bologna stacked up against the other three sandwich foods... (1) Highest in cost-per-ounce of protein (2) Highest in fats and calories. The bologna sandwich, in fact, was over *four* times as expensive as the cheapest sandwich—peanut butter—at the prices prevailing when we made our test. What's more, bologna contains a potentially harmful additive called sodium nitrite.

Consumer Reports gives you the facts behind the "baloney".

Today's supermarket is no place to be on your own.

Without help, it's hard to know about subtle product differences that can cheat your family of nutrients and maybe even cost you more in the bargain.

That's why *Consumer Reports* rates food and household products by testing standards just as rigorous as those we use for automobiles and expensive appliances. Equally rigorous standards are applied to our research into services, such as banking, insurance and much more.

Consumer Reports is the nonprofit, reader-supported magazine of Consumers Union—the nation's leading independent organization for testing and rating consumer products and services.

We don't accept advertising from anyone.

We buy what we test at the same stores you do. And we never accept "free samples" from manufacturers.

Five facts our readers learned that you could have used:

1. Pepperidge Farm Whole Wheat Bread was rated lower nutritionally than Wonder Enriched White Bread.

2. Pizza Hut's 10" Supreme pie gave us the most nutritional buy out of eight fast-food meals we tested... Arthur Treacher's Fish & Chips the least.

3. Bounty may be a "quicker picker upper" than lower-priced paper towels. But you may be able to handle most of your cleanup jobs with the cheapest towel you can find.

4. That much-squeezed-on-TV bathroom tissue that touts its softness whittled 150 sheets off each roll. (Once again, it's the customer who gets squeezed.)

5. Two banks can advertise the same interest rate for your savings account. But one pays only $44.93 for the same period for which the other pays $75.30. It's how they *calculate* your interest that counts. (And some of the biggest banks in the country are the stingiest when it comes to paying you interest.)

A lot of companies may not like what we have to say.

But remember, those same companies spend millions of dollars a year on ads and TV commercials for their products and services... so they can give you the facts that serve *their* interests.

Shouldn't you spend just $11 a year on *Consumer Reports*—so you can get the facts that serve *your* interests?

Subscribe now and get The Medicine Show and the 1978 Buying Guide Issue free.

New subscribers will receive a free copy of our 1978 Buying Guide Issue, 432 pages covering more than 1900 products by brand name and model number. You will also get, free, a copy of our revealing book about health products and services, *The Medicine Show*. And that's not all—see details of money-saving offer. Then mail card or coupon.

Here's how you save $9.50 on this introductory offer to new subscribers

You get 11 regular monthly issues of *Consumer Reports* (newsstand price, $1 each), total newsstand price	$11.00
You get the 1978 Buying Guide Issue, single-copy price	$ 3.00
You get the 1979 Buying Guide Issue, single-copy price	$ 3.00
You get the 384-page guide to health problems and products, *The Medicine Show*, price	$ 3.50
Total Price	**$20.50**
You Pay Only	**$11.00**

You save $9.50

CONSUMERS UNION
publisher of *Consumer Reports*
Orangeburg, New York 10962

Please send free copies of the 1978 Consumer Reports Buying Guide Issue, and the 384-page guide, *The Medicine Show*. Enter my subscription to *Consumer Reports* for a year at $11.00, including the 1979 Buying Guide Issue when published.

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me, please

Name_____

Address_____ Apt. No.____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Save more. Check if you prefer: **IA-98**

☐ **2 years—$20** (save $14.50)
☐ **3 years—$27** (save $21.50)

Please allow 3-6 weeks for delivery. Refund of unused portion of subscription guaranteed if you wish to cancel for any reason.

©1977 CONSUMERS UNION OF U.S., INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fill in your Beethoven

The Romantics

205120. Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique—Boulez and London Sym. (Columbia)

271965. Bizet: Carmen and L'Arlesienne Suites—Stokowski cond. (Columbia)

240960. Borodin: Polovetsian Dances—and other Russian favorites (Night On Bald Mountain, etc.). Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

262352. Dvorak: Piano Concerto—Justus Frantz, piano; Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia

230433. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Bernstein conducts New York Phil. (Columbia)

262337. Elgar: Symphony No. 2—Solti and the London Philharmonic (London)*

247676. Franck: Symphonic Variations; Liszt: Todtentanz—Watts, piano; Leinsdorf, cond. (Columbia)

230391. Grieg: Piano Concerto; Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini—P. Entremont, Ormandy cond. (Columbia)

228684. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1 and 2; Bizet: Carmen Suites—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

237743. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1,2; Enesco: Roumanian Rhapsodies 1, 2—Eugene Ormandy and Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

266858. Liszt: Sonata In B Minor, Venezia E Napoli, Mephisto Waltz No. 1—Lazar Berman (Columbia)

116947. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian), **Midsummer Night's Dream**—Ormandy and Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)*

250720. Mendelssohn: Piano Concertos—Murray Perahia, piano; Marriner cond. (Columbia)

232504. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Night On Bald Mountain—Ormandy, Phila. (Columbia)

213330. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

277038. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 3—Lazar Berman; Abbado cond. London Sym. (Columbia)

275644. Rachmaninoff: Complete works for solo piano, Vol. 4—*Etudes Tableaux, Op. 39,* more. Ruth Laredo (Columbia)

230409. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

232116. Rossini: William Tell Overture—plus works by Herold, Suppe, Thomas—Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)

276279. Schumann: Piano Sonatas No. 1, 2—Lazar Berman (Col./Melodiya)

250795. Sibelius: Symphony No. 2—Tauno Hannikainen, The Sinfonia of London (Columbia Musical Treas.)

191007. Sibelius: Finlandia; Karelia Suite—also works by Grieg, Alfven. Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

225888. Smetana: Moldau; Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; Dvorak: Carnival Overture—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

268482. Johann Strauss: Tales From Vienna Woods; Die Fledermaus Overture; others. Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

275628. Richard Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra; Till Eulenspiegel; Don Juan—Solti conducting Chicago Sym. (London)

255620. Wagner: Organ Orgy—opera excerpts transcribed for organ! Anthony Newman (Columbia)

233684. Wagner: Tristan und Isolde (Prelude and Love)Death, etc.)—Boulez, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

Chopin

216036. Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2; DeFalla: Nights In the Gardens of Spain—Alicia de Larrocha, pianist (London)

246843. Chopin: Mazurkas, Etudes, and more—new recordings by Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia)

208934. Chopin: Polonaise Fantaisie; Introduction and Rondo; many more—Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia)

183392. Chopin: Favorite Polonaises—Phillipe Entremont (Columbia)*

208157. Chopin: The Four Scherzos—Phillipe Entremont (Columbia)

Schubert

176354. Schubert: Symphony No. 9 in C (The Great)—Ormandy and Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)*

263210. Schubert: Sonata in B-flat (Op. Posth. D 960)—Rudolf Serkin, piano (Columbia)*

231126. Schubert: Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished); **Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4** (Italian)—Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

Brahms

238436. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2—Rudolf Serkin; Szell, Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia)

233130. Brahms: Symphony No. 1—Ormandy and the Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

273409. Beethoven: Three Favorite Piano Sonatas (Moonlight, Pathetique, Appassionata)—Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia)

269142. Beethoven: Piano Sonatas No. 18 and 23 (Appassionata)—Lazar Berman (Columbia)

Mahler

237024. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

239046-239047. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)—Bernstein and the London Symphony (Counts as 2—Columbia)*

279190-279191. Mahler: Symphony No. 5—Zubin Mehta, Los Angeles Phil. (Counts as 2—London)

260570. Mahler: Symphony No. 10 (Adagio); Kindertotenlieder—Janet Baker; Bernstein, Israel Phil., N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

Tchaikovsky

250845. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1—Watts, piano; Bernstein, N.Y. Phil.(Columbia)

201129. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Serenade for Strings—Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

231563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and **Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites**—Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

245399. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 (Pathetique)—Ormandy and the Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

242750. Tchaikovsky and Mendelssohn Violin Concertos—Stern, violin; Ormandy, cond. (Columbia)

227009. Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite; Prokofiev: Peter and the Wolf—Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

*** Selections marked with a star are available on records only**

Wherever you are in your classical collection, you've probably been adding to it one at a time. Now, here's a marvelous opportunity to add 9 albums all at once. Maybe complete your Beethoven symphonies. Round out your Bach. Or take your fascination with Mahler a little further. Even experiment a bit in areas you've heard about, but haven't heard yet.

To take advantage of this unique opportunity, simply tell us on the application which 9 selections you'd like to add to your collection right now. The 9 records or tapes you choose will be sent to you at once—all 9 for only $1.00, plus shipping and handling.

Your only membership obligation is to buy just seven more selections in the coming three years, at the regular Club prices (which currently are $6.98 or $7.98, plus shipping and handling. Multi-unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher).

Think of it...you need buy just two or three records or tapes a year...and you won't have any difficulty in selecting them, because you'll receive our Classical Bulletin regularly every four weeks (13 times a year). And we'll also send you the regular Club Magazine, which contains additional classical recordings, as well as hundreds of selections from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year we may send some special issue of the Bulletin, offering extra-special savings.

This Bulletin will tell you about many of the newest classical releases and we'll even select one as "The Selection of the Month"—but there is no obligation to accept it...order only those you want *when you want them!*

A special response card will be enclosed with each Bulletin...and you may use it to order or reject any selections offered simply by mailing it by the date specified. And if you want *only* The Selection of the Month, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. What's more, you'll have at least ten full days in which to make your decision—if you ever have less time than that, just return The Selection of the Month at our expense, for full credit.

You may cancel membership at any time after you've purchased seven selections—or continue under our special bonus plan, which offers you substantial savings on all future purchases. Here, indeed, is the most convenient way possible of acquiring the classical library you want—*at the greatest savings possible!* So do act now.

All applications are subject to review and Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application

Note: selections with two numbers are 2-record sets or double-length tapes. Each of these "double selections" counts as 2—so please write in both numbers.

Columbia House
1400 North Fruitridge Avenue
Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

missing

Vocal/Instrumental Collections

273334. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica) —Solti and the Chicago Symphony (London)

225904. Beethoven: Symphonies No. 5 and 8 —Ormandy, Phila. (Columbia)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Chorale) —Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

229658. Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor) —Serkin; Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

262493-262494. Bach: Suites 1-4 and more lute music played by John Williams on the guitar (Counts as 2—Columbia)

246355. Bach: The Four "Great" Toccatas and Fugues—E. Power Biggs, organ (Columbia)

205385. Bach: Biggs' Bach Book—Sleepers Awake; A Mighty Fortress; etc. E. Power Biggs (Columbia)

235150. Best Of Bach—Toccata & Fugue in D Minor; Fugue in G Minor; others. E. Power Biggs (Columbia)

239939. Switched-On Bach II —Moog interpretations from virtuoso Walter Carlos: Brandenburg Concerto No. 5, many more (Columbia)

231134. Bach: Goldberg Variations—Glenn Gould, piano (Columbia)

Bach

Mozart

233718. Mozart: Symphonies No. 40 and 41 (Jupiter) —Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

269555. Mozart: Piano Concertos No. 14 and 24 —M. Perahia, English Chamber Orch. (Columbia)*

260588. Mozart: Piano Sonatas 14, 16, 18— Glenn Gould (Columbia)*

265124. Mozart: Symphony No. 35; Overtures "Magic Flute," "Figaro," etc.— Antonia Brico, Mostly Mozart Orch. (Columbia)*

The Moderns

237768. Bartok: Concerto For Orchestra—Boulez, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

263293. Claude Bolling: Suite for Flute & Jazz Piano —Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Bolling, piano (Columbia)

231142. Copland: Billy The Kid; Rodeo—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

240473. Copland: Appalachian Spring (Original version)— Copland cond. (Columbia)

264341. Falla: The Three-Cornered Hat Ballet; Harpsichord Concerto— Boulez cond. (Columbia)

269183. Gershwin: Rhapsody In Blue (with Gershwin's 1925 piano roll); **American In Paris**—Michael Tilson Thomas, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

279257. Gershwin: Broadway Overtures (Oh Kay; Girl Crazy; more)—Michael Tilson Thomas, Buffalo Philharmonic (Columbia)

201665. Grofe: Grand Canyon Suite—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

218107. Holst: The Planets —Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

249961. Scott Joplin: "The Entertainer" Ballet —Joplin works adapted for piano and the London Festival Orch. (Columbia)

252551. Orff: Carmina Burana—Michael Tilson Thomas, Cleveland Orch. and Chorus (Columbia)

229971. Prokofiev: Classical Symphony, Love for Three Oranges Suite, Lt. Kije —Ormandy and Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)*

243600. Ravel: Rapsodie espagnole, Ma Mere l'Oyle, La Valse—Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

188920. Respighi: Pines and Fountains of Rome— Eugene Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

250761. Rodrigo: Concierto De Aranjuez; Villa-Lobos: Concerto For Guitar— John Williams; Barenboim Eng. Chamber (Columbia)

155309. Stravinsky: Firebird and Petrushka Ballet Suites—Columbia Symphony conducted by Stravinsky (Columbia)

267427. Weill: "Threepenny Opera" (original 1976 cast) —"Electrifying" *Stereo Review* (Columbia)

Haydn

257956. Haydn: Symphonies 101 (Clock) **and 103** (Drum Roll)—Bernstein and the N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

218099. Haydn: Symphonies No. 94 (Surprise) **and 95** —Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (Columbia)*

177410. Haydn: Symphonies 88 and 102—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)*

Baroque

244822. Handel: The Great "Messiah" Choruses— Mormon Tabernacle Choir; Condie conducts Royal Philharmonic (Columbia)

256503. Handel: Water Music (complete)—Boulez, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)*

227561. Vivaldi: The Four Seasons—violinist Pinchas Zuckerman and the English Chamber Orch. (Columbia)

260984. Walter Carlos—By Request. Works by Tchaikovsky, etc. on the Moog Synthesizer (Columbia)

262378-262379. Jascha Heifetz in Concert—he plays Franck, Bach, etc. (Counts as 2—Columbia)

207357. Mormon Tabernacle Choir: Climb Every Mountain —also The Sound Of Music; Sunrise, Sunset; Lost In The Stars; etc. (Columbia)

274100. The Great Pavarotti singing arias by Verdi, Donizetti, etc. (London)

273326. Puccini: "Tosca" (highlights)—the Bolshoi Opera's Vladimir Atlantov et al. (Col./Melodiya)

264663. Beverly Sills and Andre Kostelanetz— Plaisir d'Amour. Songs by Delibes, Poulenc, Bizet, Martini, etc. (Columbia)

220905. Solti's Golden Hits —Glinka: Russlan & Ludmilla Over.; Borodin: Polovstian Dances; Rossini: La Boutique Fantasque; etc. (London)

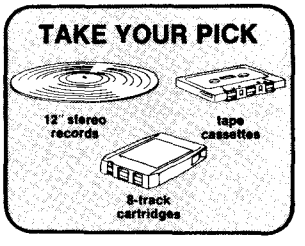
274126. Solti/Chicago Symphony—Ravel: Bolero; Debussy: Afternoon of a Faun *and* La Mer (London)

223818. Isaac Stern— Romance. Favorite melodies for quiet hours—Rachmaninoff: Vocalise; Borodin: Nocturne; etc. (Columbia)

271973. Stokowski Encores —Chopin: Mazurka; Byrd: Pavan; Dvorak: Slavonic Dance; more (Columbia)

276345. Leopold Stokowski —his own transcriptions of Flight of the Bumblebee; Clair de Lune; Perpetuum Mobile; etc. (Columbia)

250613. Verdi: Highlights from "Il Trovatore"—and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Bolshoi stars Irina Arkhipova, Vladislav Piavko (Col./Melodiya)*



THE CLASSICAL DIVISION OF COLUMBIA MUSIC CLUB INVITES YOU TO TAKE

any 9 records or tapes $1

plus shipping/handling

if you join now and agree to buy 7 more selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming 3 years

Columbia Music Club/CLASSICAL DIVISION
Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

Please accept my membership application in the Club under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 9 classical selections listed below for only $1.00, plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy seven more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming three years—and may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

SEND MY SELECTIONS IN THIS TYPE OF RECORDING (be sure to check one): ATN/DL

☐ **8-Track Cartridges** ☐ **Records**
☐ **Tape Cassettes**

Write in the numbers of the 9 selections you want for $1.00

☑ Classical 1

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss.....

(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address..... Apt. No.....

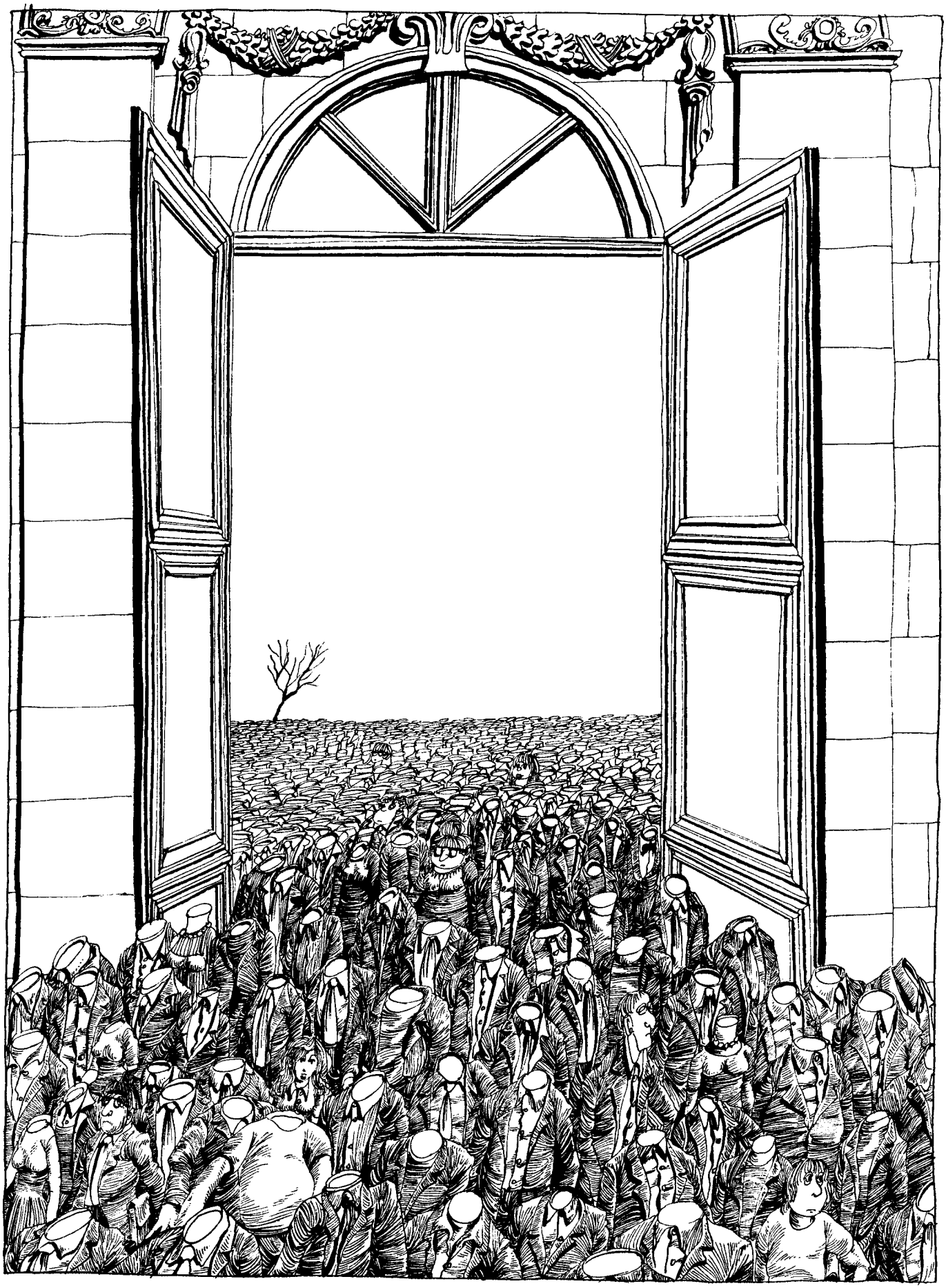
City.....

State..... Zip Code.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) ☐ **YES** ☐ **NO** 569/S78

APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico: write for special offer
Canadian Residents will be serviced from Toronto

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO KILL A COLLEGE

The Private Papers of a Campus Dean

WHO SHOULD BE ADMITTED to America's colleges and universities? For the past several years, that question, in one context or another, has underlain the hottest issues in higher education. The current Supreme Court case of Regents of the University of California *v.* Allan Bakke [SR, *October 15, 1977*] *stems directly from it. But well before* Bakke, *in the wake of the student rebellions of the late Sixties, there was the inflammatory issue of "open admissions."*

While it varied from school to school, open admissions meant a drastic, across-the-board lowering of admissions standards. The purpose was to reach the masses of blacks, Hispanics, and other young people traditionally excluded by all but the junior colleges. More than Bakke, *open admissions challenged fundamental educational precepts, particularly the credo that standards always had to be maintained—else the university would suffer grievously.*

Several institutions adopted a form of open admissions. Among them were such disparate schools as the University of Alaska, the University of Arkansas, and the Federal City College (now the University of the District of Columbia). None did so with the sweep—and the resulting controversy—of CUNY, the City University of New York. The burden of CUNY's decision fell on the City College of New York, an outstanding academic institution with a long, proud tradition of educating young—but usually white—people of poor economic circumstances.

In the article below, the City College's dean of humanities reflects on the gains, the losses, and the meaning of the entire experience for American education.

by Theodore L. Gross

MY OFFICE is in Lincoln Corridor, on the ground floor of an old Gothic building called Shepard Hall, at the City College of New York, 138th Street and Convent Avenue, Harlem. Outside this office, on makeshift benches, students congregate—black, Puerto Rican, Asian, and varieties of ethnic white—playing radios, simulating sex, languidly moving back and forth to classes, dancing and singing, eating and studying and sleeping and drinking from soda cans or from beer bottles wrapped in brown paper bags.

As the dean of humanities, I move among these students unnoticed and conduct my business in adjacent rooms that feature telephones and filing cabinets, typewriters, a copying machine, a Dictaphone, and a wall of books that from the Anglo-Saxon point of view represent the best that has been thought and said.

As an administrator, I am responsible for the teaching of foreign languages, English and speech, music, art, drama, and, because of circumstances peculiar to this urban college, Asian and Jewish studies. The two other ethnic studies departments—black and Puerto Rican studies—report to the dean of social science, who lives on the other side of Lincoln Corridor. Fifteen thousand students, day and evening, are enrolled in courses—to speak only of the humanities—ranging from Shakespeare to Eldridge Cleaver, from Beethoven to Ellington, from Confucius to Martin Buber, from Basic Writing I for the poorly prepared to creative writing taught by the most sophisticated American novelists. The student population is multiethnic: 33 percent black, 21 percent Spanish, 12 percent Jewish, 11 percent Asian, and diminishing percentages of Italians, Irish, Ukrainians, Serbo-Croatians, and Slavs—a microcosm, as we proudly say, of the world.

It was not always so. In the Sixties, the college was almost entirely white and predominantly Jewish. Enthroned on a hill overlooking Harlem, it was an urban institution with high academic standards, a citadel that for more than 50 years had existed undisturbed amid the surrounding black community. As educators, we at the City College were representative of the decade. We had abolished requirements and prerequisites and had arranged elective courses in a cafeteria curriculum that made basic skills and basic knowledge seem irrelevant, structure obsolete, and sequential study unimportant. The historical perspective was already so suspect that the liberal arts college functioned primarily on the pleasure principle. Students enrolled in the courses they wanted. Economic growth was everywhere, and we could afford small classes, independent study, and esoteric subjects.

During those years, an occasional summer riot created fear in the minds of those who were sending their children to the campus on St. Nicholas Heights. At other times, assassinations like those of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, Jr., and local uprisings starring Stokeley Carmichael and H. Rap Brown stirred discomfort in white liberals like me. These events and other "minor incidents," as we called them, seemed like campfires that were easily extinguishable—until they flared more frequently and burned closer to the campus. By 1969 the flames were in our buildings. Decent human beings wrangled with one another: Blacks confronted Jews, liberals shouted at conservatives, the young grumbled at their seniors, the swingers taunted the sedate, women warned male administrators, Asians and blacks and Puerto Ricans cau-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cused against the so-called white imperialist educators of the City College.

Politics dictated educational policy. Arguments that had once been contained within classrooms and dining rooms raged through loudspeakers on the campus, while television and newspapers and radio recorded this page in the changing history of New York. White educators who had blessed student protégés in the names of Melville, Joyce, and Kafka were now being asked by minorities to say no in thunder to a form of education that had been exclusive, intellectually elitist, unresponsive to colored Americans, and unyielding in its demand for only—*only*—academic excellence.

The minorities' demand, in turn, seemed ideologically sound and in the best tradition of liberalism: A public institution of higher learning should educate all the citizenry. What group of self-pronounced liberals could refuse that opportunity? (We faculty members were whites whose parents had been Irish or Italian or Jewish immigrants out of one ghetto or another, supporters of Roosevelt, Truman, and Stevenson. After growing up in the streets of Brooklyn and the Bronx, we had struggled to disembarrass ourselves of every ethnic odor so we might reach that fine point of middle age when we could drive from surrounding white suburbs into the City College. We worked in Harlem. Some of us never wanted to admit that

"In desperate measures redolent of Madison Avenue, the faculty created sexy courses to attract students: gay literature, Jewish fertility. Then they tried to sell the courses with gaudy posters."

fact, but we walked or drove through Harlem to get to work; we moved on its edges between classes; we ate in a faculty cafeteria that overlooked the scarred landscape below. Metropolitan colonialists. Most of us were still liberal, however, and we felt a vague sympathy for open admissions, as though it symbolized a retribution for past social sins.)

But beyond the platitudes and the posturings, what exactly should the new education be? And were we who had degrees from Columbia and from New York University, who had been trained to preserve the best that has been thought and said—were we prepared to teach Shakespeare to a student who two years earlier had been struggling to compose coherent sentences? And could he learn to read Shakespeare, even if we learned how to teach him to do so? Should he be taught to read Shakespeare at all? Or should he, if he had to enter college, be given the liberation of literacy—itself enough to be learned in four brief years—and sent on his way to ply a trade, watch television in the evenings, and maybe read—if he should read at all—*Time* magazine? Did we have an obligation to educate everyone, even in a democracy, by means of college?

We had no choice. The city's Board of Higher Education told us to implement an open admissions policy that would assure every high school student, regardless of his record, acceptance at a college of the City University. For guaranteed entrance to the senior colleges, the high school graduate had to have a scholastic average of 80 percent or had to be ranked in the upper half of his class. But the allocation system depended upon the student's own selection of a college within the City University system, and when fewer well-prepared high school graduates made the City College their first choice—fundamentally because of its Harlem location—those with lower scores were admitted. We had planned to initiate this dramatic change in our admissions policy by 1975, but pressures from minorities and from some students and faculty could not be resisted, and open admissions was begun five years earlier.

The impact was particularly severe at the City College of New York, where academic achievement had been like a code of honor that never included considerations of class, race, religion, or national origin. The City College had been the great tuition-free institution whose diploma had had so special a meaning for alumni—the hard-earned diploma of the poor. The alumni had been proud that they had been admitted to the proletarian Harvard, as the college was often called, and proud that they had been graduated; proud that they had studied with Jonas Salk and Alfred Kazin, Bernard Malamud, Arthur Kornberg, and A. M. Rosenthal; nostalgic about their youthful poverty and grateful to have escaped it through the college; strong-minded about their remembered hunger for learning and eager to preserve the meaning of their academic achievement.

Some of them were bitterly disaffected by open admissions and renounced their alma mater because they believed it had betrayed the standards they had struggled to achieve. But most were bewildered by this new generation of students for whom the college had to "soften" those standards. These alumni distrusted the arguments about deprivation—hadn't they themselves been deprived?—but they sensed that the quality of this current deprivation was different, linked to a racist society that they had disavowed; and even if it wasn't different, they could afford to be generous. Like many successful people, they wished to be tolerant and understanding, and they tried to fathom the meaning of open admissions as explained by the administrators of the City College, who had no choice but to be generous.

IN MAY 1970, I was elected chairman of an English department composed of 125 full-time people and a range of part-time professors: visiting poets, novelists, and journalists. By the end of August, as a consequence of the open admissions policy, I had hired 21 additional full-time faculty members to teach what we called basic writing. Within a year, open admissions greatly altered our educational mission. A department that had offered 70 percent of its courses in literature and the rest in some form of basic written composition now offered the reverse.

These basic writing courses were deeply remedial. The problem for one third of the open admissions students was literacy, for another third, competence, for the last third, college level English. In addition, the students themselves were altogether different. Suddenly, Asians and blacks and Hispanics crowded the classrooms, bringing with them language and dialect problems that prevented them from understanding the most elementary texts, face-to-face with a faculty that was intellectually unprepared and emotionally unwilling—liberals up against the wall. The faculty experienced a shock of cultural recognition, and I tried to build instant rhetorical bridges that seem even more rhetorical today than they did in 1970. In a newsletter distributed within the English department that year, I wrote:

Many of us have been trained for an elitist profession, but we are

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked to perform democratic tasks; we have written dissertations on Spenser, but we are teaching remedial writing; we are committed to the book, but the students have been culturally shaped by television and film; we have studied a body of culture that is fundamentally Anglo-Saxon, but we teach many students who are black and Asian and Spanish; we pay homage to the history of English literature, but we are surrounded by the consequences of American history and the political presence of America; we are in an "English" department, but our work is involved with the literature and with the language that is spoken by Americans.

I list all of these paradoxes collectively because they form a background against which we seek to accomplish our central desire: the humanistic training of a new generation of students.

All true, I suppose, but the older professors who struggled to teach sentence fragments were scarcely appeased; they would not change. The younger faculty—those whom I had hired in late August—were indeed writing dissertations on Spenser, and their graduate studies pulled them away from the hard reality of their teaching; they were academic schizophrenics, holding what seemed to be two opposing ideas—literacy and literature—in their mind at the same time.

Everywhere one turned were crowds; confusion; the sweet smell of pot in the student lounge; students lined up to register in the hallways of huts; others waiting for conferences outside the little offices of English professors; still others crowded into the dining rooms and bookstore or packed into rented quarters on Broadway and 134th Street, overlooking the grim steel tracks of the IRT.

The excessive numbers of students, the inadequate physical conditions, and the poor preparation—if not outright resistance—of the faculty all strained the implementation of open admissions. For a college, after all, is like a home: Without a foundation, it crumbles. When open revolt by a faculty does not occur, as in the Sixties, then lethargy invades the teachers' spirits, as in the Seventies, and they come not to care. Everyone begins to complain about facilities, pension benefits, the quality of lunchroom food, and extraneous matters of the flesh; and the favorite subject seems to be early retirement.

Anyone who had ever passed through the City College knew that the physical conditions there were as bad as almost anywhere else in urban America. But once the student had entered the classroom, the peeling walls and encrusted windowpanes vanished—the electricity of mind compensated for everything. I remember having taught "Tintern Abbey" to the belching music of a city bus, and it worked. Now everything seemed plebeian—particularly the minds of the students.

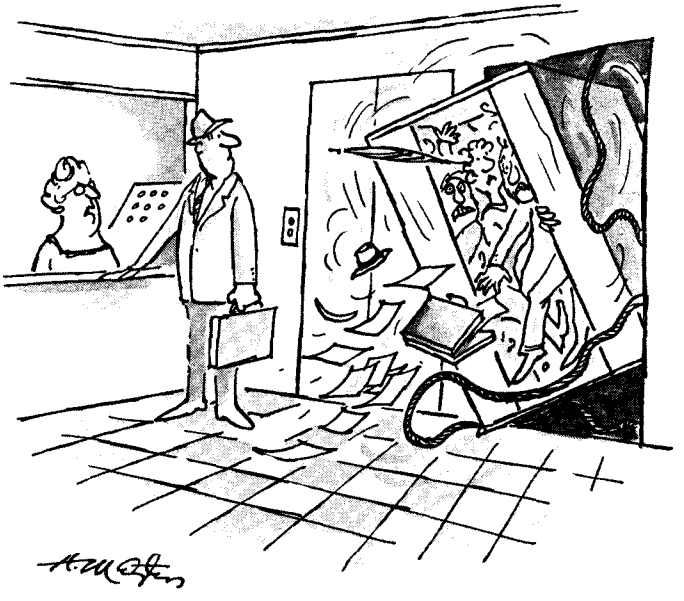
Into the midst of the radical change at work in the university came the teachers' union and "affirmative action," which ultimately were additional contributions to mediocrity. So was the hoary practice of tenure. At one end of the age spectrum, a department chairman confronted senior professors who had the smug choice of whether or not they would cooperate in the implementation of open admissions—an academic noblesse oblige. At the other end, the union so protected nontenured faculty that it was virtually impossible to dismiss them.

Minorities, including now impatient women, used affirmative action to leap into positions of power or to retain their jobs. Minorities were underrepresented on the faculty, and one could scarcely contemplate dismissing a black, a Puerto Rican, or a woman unless he or she was utterly incompetent. One knew that not only the union but also special interest groups, in and out of the university, would apply pressure: the Citizens' Commission on Human Rights, a campus women's caucus, B'nai B'rith, the Sons of Italy, the NAACP, community organizations—the list seemed endless. Such conditions were not conducive to courage on the part of the faculty or to educational leadership and academic freedom; and the history of open admissions—from this angle of vision—is a history of political, educational, and moral compromises.

THE BLACKS and Puerto Ricans and Asians arriving at the City College came from working-class families in which television and radio were the exclusive sources of information and in which there was no tradition of learning, no special association with books, no clear commitment to the purposes or possibilities of higher education. The problem that controlled all others was literacy.

Open admissions students needed a vast amount of attention in their attempt to master the writing of English. One could find some comprehension among them during the discussion of a reading assignment, and class sessions were animated with an intensity not experienced in the "relevant" Sixties; but the students' writing barely made sense. The greatest difficulty for blacks, for example, seemed to be to put an "s" on the third person singular. Puerto Ricans and Asians had bilingual problems that prevented them from reading conventional college texts and from writing college compositions; on occasion, a student would even arrive with an interpreter so that he could register for classes. Yet the Asians were remarkable students of engineering and mathematics; and the blacks and Puerto Ricans had a real feeling for literature, sociology, and political science.

The open admissions students brought to their work a motivation that was like a hunger. I remember a drug-dazed white girl in the Sixties who slumped in her seat, her guitar beside her, stoned out of her mind, turned off by "irrelevant" education, while I tried to persuade her that *King Lear* was



"Oh, that crazy elevator has been acting up all week."

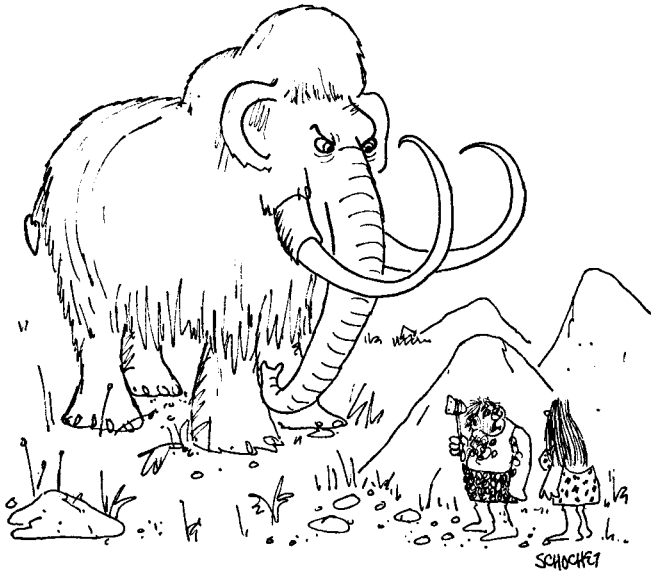
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worth reading. That scene was unimaginable in the Seventies. One was almost tempted to suggest that the criterion for entrance to college be motivation, not preparation or the ability to produce high scores. But motivation is not measurable, and the experience of open admissions argues, most dramatically, that adequate preparation is essential to success.

The need for students to master English was clear to everyone; and on a fundamental level, instruction in basic writing was carried on intensively. In 1970 almost 90 percent of City College students took some form of remedial instruction in writing—an incredible situation for any American college, let alone one that had had a great academic tradition. Seven hundred students were placed in Basic Writing 1, and 1,700, in Basic Writing 2. The other students were placed in Basic Writing 3, the equivalent of our former freshman English.

Few people wanted to confront the unappealing implications of language retardation; they blamed the high school teachers, who blamed the junior high school teachers, who blamed the elementary school teachers, who blamed the parents, who blamed the schools, whose chairmen and faculty and principals (many of them City College graduates) blamed us for having implemented open admissions and for not maintaining standards against which their students could measure themselves. When underemployed foreign language teachers were retrained for remedial work, most resisted it, and the students resisted them. When history teachers were used, they lectured on history to students in remedial classes who needed to know about subject and verb agreement. Faculty and administration were impatient with the work of teaching basic writing (it never seemed to produce "quantifiable" results) and acted as though it would eventually go away. But the subject proved to be the most difficult to teach—one that required a stretching of the imagination and a tolerance rarely asked of "intellectuals." It also required that the teachers grow, too, a simple charge that they stop judging and labeling their students and attempt to understand them.

Many educators across the country were defending the student's "right to his own language," so that he would be protected against what was called "the cultural imperialism" of standard English. One read in the journals that black and Puerto Rican students would lose their idiosyncratic ethnicity, the special coloration of their language, their creativity. One listened to arguments against computerized America with its computerized language, the horrors of sociological jargon, the doublespeak of politicians, the Watergate grammar, the linguistic freakiness of Madison Avenue. A student's voice is his character, so the argument went, and should not be lost in the supermarket language of bland and utilitarian America.



"On second thought ... leftovers sound fine."

It was an interesting rhetorical argument but a deceptive one—especially in regard to minority students, whose proficiency at the standard language was tantamount to learning the art of breathing the special air of America. The kind of deep creativity that is manifested in a private language—the blues or *Huckleberry Finn* or some of the poetry of Langston Hughes—is all the more powerful precisely because its vernacular clashes with the standard public language. The two languages must be simultaneously held in the mind of the reader as well as of the writer, at whatever counterpoint can be productively sustained. Indeed, one reason why the language of creativity has lost its power is that the repressed emotions it once released are now on the newsstands, debased by their easy availability. In any event, for most students, writing is expository, and exposition is standardized and should be clear (like Auden's windowpane) and logical. It is the obligation of every English teacher to give students this primary skill.

At the City College we were too overwhelmed by the immensity of our problems to engage in theories about language acquisition. We never surrendered the conviction that our first obligation was to offer the conventional language conventionally, and we tried to teach those underprepared students in the way that we had taught thousands of other freshmen. At the same time, we struggled to invent new pedagogical devices that would make our teaching more effective. But despite all the goodwill that a lifetime of liberalism and academic training dictated, the nagging doubt grew that we might not be able to take an eighteen-year-old who suffered deep linguistic shortcomings and bring him to college level verbal competence.

Those of us who were asked to implement open admissions strained so hard to be successful that we didn't have the time to call into question the expectations imposed upon us by minorities and, more important, by ourselves. When our conservative colleagues screamed that the standards were falling, we answered by saying that the record wasn't in yet. When we failed to bring students to the appropriate level of literacy, we blamed ourselves—we hadn't been adequately trained or we lacked patience or we'd set our standards too high.

But in fact we had false expectations. Open admissions students came with a sense of fear and self-doubt, confronting a standard language that was rendered even more complicated by their need to master, at the same time and in the same place, the separate language of biology or psychology. Their entire miseducation and bookless past rose to haunt them, and all the audiovisual aids and writing laboratories and simplified curricular materials we tried could not turn the trick.

The mistake was to think that this language training would be preparation for college education when what we were really instilling was a fundamental literacy that would allow social acculturation to occur. We were preparing our students to be the parents of college students, not to be students them-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUR SIN GER

about [illegible] for your computer
to save its own way.
If your enterprise can manage
$1.78 an hour,
or thereabouts,
we will get back to you fast with
some sensible suggestions.
After all,
we work with our own very long term —
— very low monthly payment
capital sources. Not yours.

If we can trust you,
You can trust
PUR SIN GER

If some big computer giant
turned down your credit
(or even if he hasn't)

This little giant won't.
Not if we can possibly help it.
And we probably can.

PUR SIN GER

knows lots and lots of things
about helping out. Ways big giants
have forgotten. Or never knew.

PUR SIN GER
can do.

PURSINGER

We are a [illegible]
We buy large quantities
millions of dollars
of the very best
new hardware
and software
and systems design
and engineering
and training
and services
and operating systems
and maintenance
and financing.

We put them all together
and make them work.
And then we support them.

That's what we are:
A SUPPORTING COMPANY!

PUR SIN GER
means very
fine computers
to everybody
all over the
world

REPLY

Pursinger Co.
6151 W. Century Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90045

THIS SPACE HAS BEEN RESERVED FOR YOUR USE

You may use this space to request information of any sort. For example: can we provide immediate delivery. Or you might ask us confidentially to show you how we can provide low payment financing for your company. Or you might like us to prove that $1.78 an hour is something we really can do for you. You could ask us to telephone you for a private conversation. You could ask for the magnificent PURSINGER 1978 computer book. Just ask:

_____

_____

_____

Please enclose business card,
or your name, company, address, phone.

LA 11/1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FINALLY, A GREAT JAPANESE PRODUCT MADE IN AMERICA.

At Benihana of Tokyo, we prepare great American favorites – like prime sirloin, chicken and shrimp – according to a 1000 year old Japanese recipe.

And we prepare them right at your table. So you can watch every move we make. But then, watching a Benihana chef in action is part of the enjoyment of eating here.

His flashing knife can turn prime sirloin into an oriental masterpiece. His razor-sharp blades slash through fresh succulent shrimp, zing through boneless breasts of chicken, clip crisp, fresh bean sprouts, mushrooms and onions into slender mouth-watering slivers.

Join us. For lunch or dinner. When it comes to great American favorites, our Japanese chefs really know their onions.

BENIHANA of TOKYO

Encino: 16226 Ventura Blvd. 788-7121 / Marina del Rey: 14160 Panay Way 821-0888
Beverly Hills: 38 N. La Cienega Blvd. 655-7311

LA 11/2

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves. And the impossible burden that we assumed was one properly meant for the community colleges of the City University. In the strictest sense, the two-year college—the most powerful single phenomenon to appear in higher education during the past two decades—should be the bridge from the community to the senior college. The junior college is where the openness of open admissions should manifest itself.

If a senior college undertakes the policy, it either must alter most of its programs in the humanities and social sciences or face a student drift into "soft" subjects that do not require an exacting competence in language. The latter happened at the City College. The traditional disciplines of philosophy and history and literature and political science diminished in significance and popularity because students felt unprepared for them. We expected too much too fast from students, and we betrayed the notion of open admissions by holding students to standards they could never hope to meet. But articulating these conclusions at the time, even if they had been clear in one's mind, was impossible.

Clouding the issues of literacy and of open admissions, and every consequent question of how to give a liberal arts education in an urban setting, was the sudden primacy of ethnicity and race. It conditioned everyone's response because it was central to the purpose of open admissions. In a college that had originally been almost entirely white and that was now half composed of minority students, race touched every educational issue—from black art to black journalism, from black history to black music. No record of this fitful period can be intelligible unless one understands the implications of racial tensions, vibrating at every meeting, working across and into the mind of everyone who cared.

"What really gnawed away at our innards and left us hollow... what coursed in our bodies like an incurable illness was our growing realization and fear that in middle age we no longer had a profession."

THE DRAMATIC MOMENT came in the fall of 1971, at a large and raucous meeting of the Faculty Council, when new departments of ethnic studies were being considered. The City College's minorities wanted the power that departments represent, and they brought to the meeting dozens of students and friends and political figures from the Harlem community who crowded the room, sitting on the floor and perching on window ledges. The intention was cultural intimidation of the white faculty, and the intention was fulfilled.

Like a thunder that speaks only to the emotions, the rhetoric rolled that October afternoon, and as the black and Puerto Rican and Asian spokesmen denounced our "racist" university in the midst of that "racist" society, the minority students (allowed to sit in the hall but not to participate) surrounded the white faculty members and cheered, clapped, and hissed until it became clear that reason would not prevail.

One white conservative rose to denounce the academic shallowness of ethnic departments. Another mocked the arbitrary definition of a department (an ethnic group had to be represented by at least 5 percent of the student body before applying for departmental status): Why only black, Puerto Rican, Asian, and Jewish departments? Why not Italian and Irish and Ukrainian? But the vocal white conservatives were small in number, even though their silent brothers and sisters were sizable. The conservatives were not the leaders of the campus. They had no students following them down the corridors and crowding their offices, and their loud protests fell on the embarrassed ears of the squirming white liberals in the middle of the room.

Then the parade began. With black and Hispanic students seated around the room, like the inner ring of the enclosing black community, with nontenured minority faculty confronting tenured white faculty, with the president of the college and the dean of liberal arts and science on the podium, the liberals rose vaguely and uncomfortably to express their sympathy for the creation of ethnic studies departments, regretting the haste with which they were developed, of course, but still in sympathy. It was clear to me that black and white were the colors of the day, that the unknown (the interdisciplinary ethnic departments) would ultimately have to coexist with the known (the clearly structured, power-based departments that represented the academic disciplines), and that gray was a color for the colorless. It was not the moment for subtlety or intellectual discrimination.

So, with the gravest misgivings about simpleminded ethnicity and politically oriented courses and mediocre faculty hired on the spot; with these private doubts aggravated by the thought that the creation of these departments *was* hasty, ill-conceived, an intellectual disgrace, and unfair to faculty and students—especially to future minority students for whom the college was being changed; but also with the unwillingness to be associated with academic reactionaries whose advocacy of "standards" and "excellence" seemed to be just another version of the *Übermensch* (superman) syndrome—with all of these contradictory emotions running through me, compounded by personal disgust at the thought that I might be doing the bidding of an administration that simply wanted to solve a nasty problem as quickly as possible and by memories of having written about ethnic literature but of never having felt free to teach a course in black culture and of having been criticized by blacks for even touching the materials—I remembered Norman Mailer's easy remark that "Every compromise makes you less of a man," and I walked to the podium and compromised:

"We are being asked for an expression of faith in this administration that has dealt fairly with us on so many other matters.... I, for one, am ready to express that faith."

The departments were created, and the following months brought courses that could only encourage militant separatism: "Organized and Disorganized Crime in the Black Community"; "The Contemporary Black Family" ("A normal Negro child, having grown within a normal family, will become abnormal on the slightest contact with the white world"); "The Prisoner as Political Hero"; "Protest and Rebellion Within Ante-Bellum America"; "Prisons and Concentration Camps" ("After Attica, the entire system of corrections and penology must be reexamined"); "Seminars in Revolutionary Decolonization" ("The tradition of revolution as presented in the classic portrayals of European and American experiences does not attempt to present the sociological basis of revolutions through a consistent theoretical analysis").

Each new course was a brick that heightened the wall of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

segregation between black studies and other programs of the college. With less intensity and self-conscious purpose and overt anger, many of the courses in the departments of Asian, Jewish, and Puerto Rican studies served to further the same insular tendency: Asians talking to Asians, Jews brooding with each other over the holocaust, Puerto Ricans structuring a culture. Each of these groups developed some courses that were valuable in themselves; but they also developed, despite their efforts, an effect of self-isolation, a defensiveness that too often took the form of petty academic politics.

Now a decade has passed, and the fire has not burned us after all—although some extraordinary leaders have been killed. But it has singed our sensibilities in ways not easily forgotten. The academic home we live in has been altered to accommodate other voices in other rooms and, with luck, in our own rooms. That passionate intensity experienced on so many college campuses had little to do with education and much to do with establishing racial bases of power. Now that the fire has subsided, it is possible to draw a few conclusions that may seem rational.

The creation of ethnic studies departments at the City College and throughout the nation represented an educational capitulation to extreme political pressure by minority groups. Once black studies was established, Puerto Rican, Asian, and Jewish studies had to follow; and before long, courses in ethnic history and sociology and literature were conflicting with those of the traditional departments. The result, with few exceptions, is a curriculum that has the faculty and students of ethnic studies departments ghettoized in separate corners of the colleges. Each ethnic group raises its own consciousness at the expense of general education. Attempts to develop courses and programs in comparative ethnicity have failed, and the minorities in these departments feel more alienated than before.

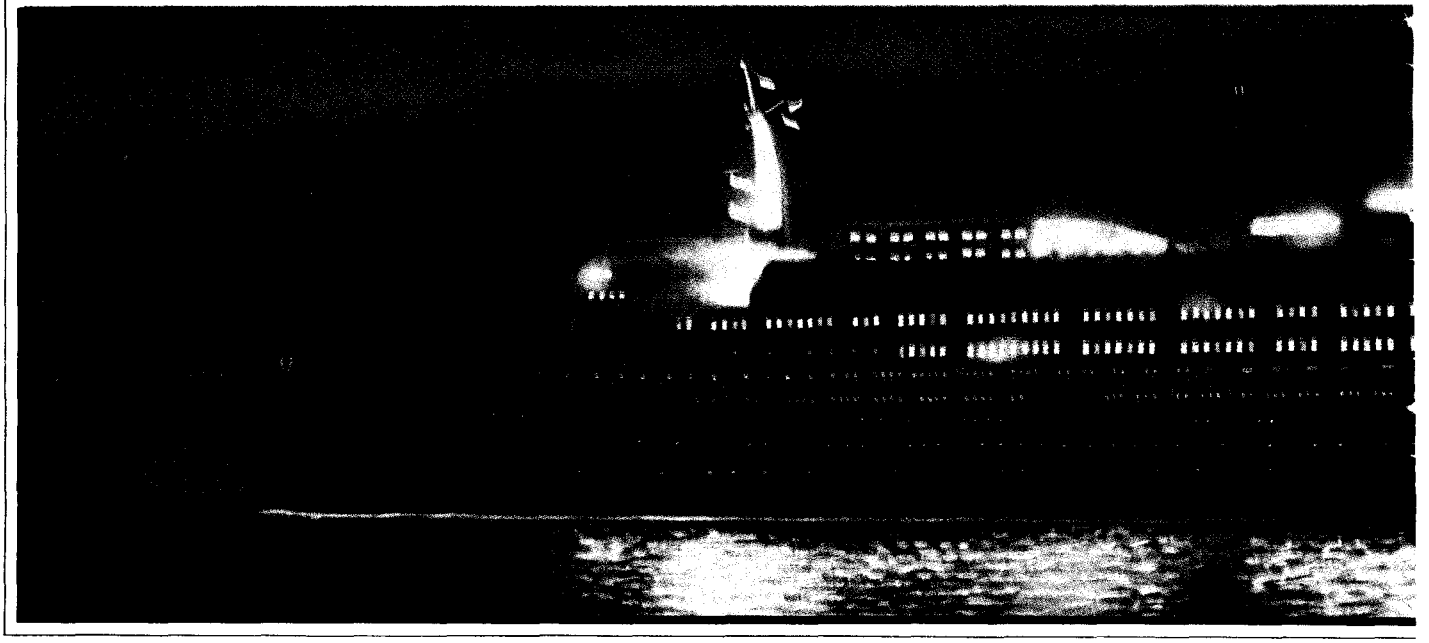
Creating ongoing departments was wrong, and those with empty hands are the minorities for whom they were created. Overt bigots from the traditional departments were not displeased at the isolation of the new departments, for they knew that open admissions pupils—the less well-prepared pupils—would segregate themselves in ethnic studies while the intellectually secure and confident students would work with more substantial subject matter in their own departments. The well-intentioned liberals agreed to the creation of these departments out of no deep ideological impulse, with no real purpose or passion. They accepted the change cynically and mocked its results privately. They accepted it because to do so was easy. And like the society, the college became fragmented and divided.

American education—American culture at large—is integrative, and the subject matter cannot be obfuscated in the name of ethnic heritage or women's studies or homosexual studies or experimental studies. The appropriation of knowledge for some personal need is one reality. That is the reason most of us have for learning anything. But to use knowledge solely to further a cause will ultimately debase the knowledge because it is being manipulated for a narrow purpose. The student is allowed to evade personal responsibility and unique humanity for an abstraction that has an absolute quality and a

What price glory?

Sail Queen Elizabeth 2 to Europe and fly back, all for as little as $695.

The incomparable Queen. Almost a thousand feet of sheer luxury. Thirteen stories devoted to pleasure. Sail the Queen and you'll enjoy superb continental cuisine, nightclubs, bars, a gymnasium, a shopping arcade, and entertainment featuring movie stars, public figures, and authors.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finality; the student's use of his knowledge is too predictable, too tendentious.

It is insufficient to claim—as defenders of these programs do—that a college teaches students, not subject matter, and that therefore students should explore what they wish, however they wish. This is a sentimental argument, so relativistic and shifting that it blurs an essential educational vision that judges priorities, that sets forth objectives and skills, that knows its own inherent meaning. It offers the students themselves—no more, no less. It offers no leadership. It points in no direction.

The full implications of open admissions had little meaning for people at either end of the educational spectrum: those who advocated a narrow ethnicity and those who for so long had considered themselves the custodians of an unvarying culture. Even those who supported professional education most vigorously failed to acknowledge the need for vast resources to improve the language skills of the new undergraduates. Scientists claimed that too many students were placed in basic writing courses and accused the English department of self-aggrandizement, of shoring up its British Empire; social scientists continued to give short-answer tests. The liberal arts faculty complained about expensive programs for bright students, whom they never saw in their classrooms, and about students in remedial classes, whom they did not want to teach.

Where were the old liberal arts students who simply wanted to study philosophy or literature or history? Where were those who could not be programmed, who weren't so absolutely certain of their careers, who weren't so utterly nervous about job security, and who came to us with a literacy we took for granted? Gone. Gone to colleges of the State University. Gone to Queens and to Hunter. Gone to the suburbs and the exurbs and the hinterlands. And with their flight something faded from our own lives—a passing purpose, a pointed passion.

What really gnawed away at our innards and left us hollow, what began to create a sad yet anxious look in our eyes and a dreadful listlessness in the way we moved through classes or sat at committee meetings, what dulled our lunchroom conversations and made us depend more on each other than on the students—who had always been the great reward for teaching at the City College—what coursed in our bodies like an incurable illness was our growing realization and fear that in middle age we no longer had a profession.

Elective courses in literature, languages, philosophy, and history attracted only a handful of students; and though we defended the study of the humanities in the most elegant rhetoric, fewer and fewer students were interested in our subjects. Those few who might have cared had no incentive to prepare for graduate school since teaching jobs were unavailable. The number of majors plummeted so that the heart of the heart of our disciplines was gone. Worse still, most students were no longer motivated to read—assignments grew shorter and even those were rarely read. In desperate measures redolent of Madison Avenue, the faculty created sexy courses to attract students: gay literature, Jewish fertility. Then they tried to sell

Continued

This year, when you buy a one-way ticket on the Queen to or from Europe, the price includes a British Airways ticket the other way—to or from your hometown. Prices from $695 to $985 in tourist class, from $1,185 to $2,165 in first class.* For details, see your travel agent, call Cunard at (212) 983-2510, or return the coupon.

*Prices per person, double occupancy *British registry*

Cunard, P.O. Box 999
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

Send more facts on the QE 2 experience and Europe.

CUNARD
Queen Elizabeth 2

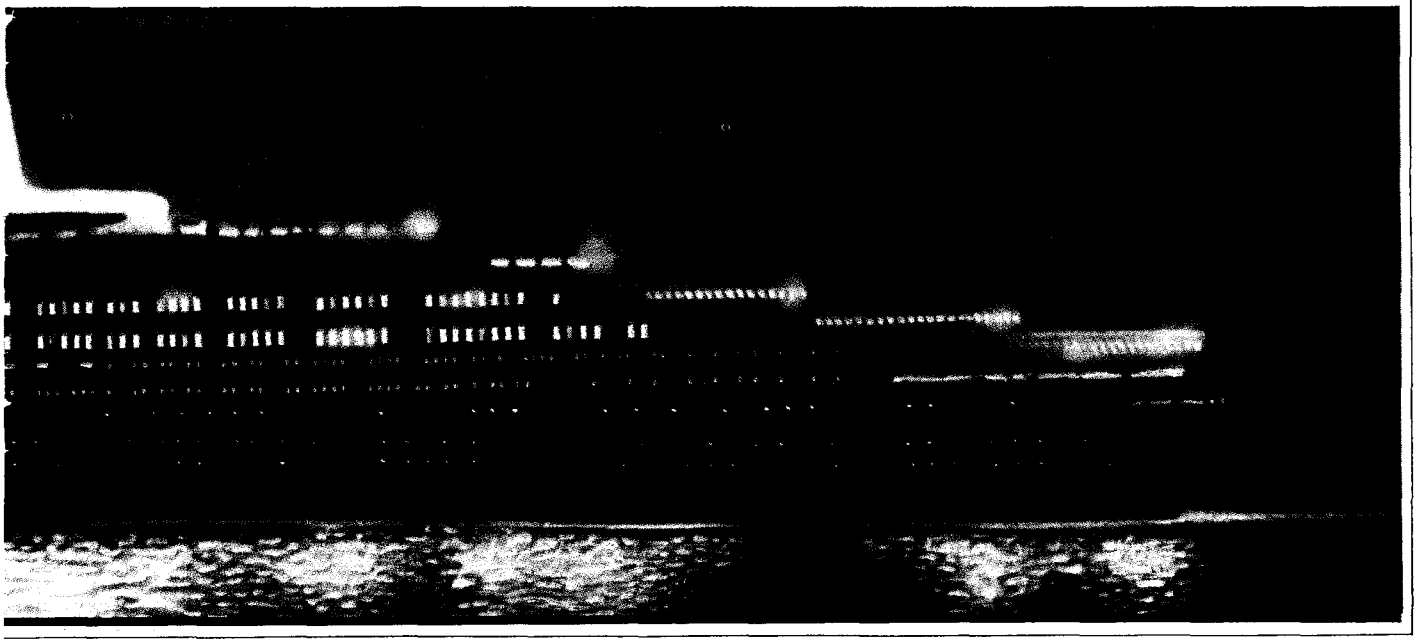
E430328Q60

☐ QE 2 transatlantic air/sea booklet ☐ QE 2 European tours booklet

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

My Travel Agent is_____ **For once in your life, live.**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the courses with gaudy posters or notices in campus newspapers. In the sweaty gym during registration, too many of the faculty were no better than barkers at a circus sideshow touting the attractions awaiting behind the tent flap. Student enrollment determined departmental strength. College had become a kind of cheap academic stock market, and teachers were stockbrokers in an inflationary educational economy.

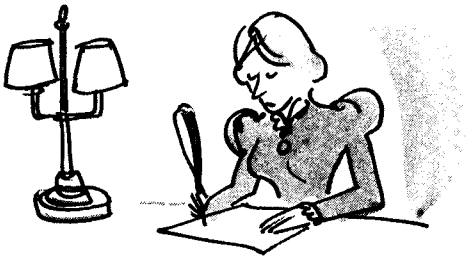
All of these forces developed, Pelion upon Ossa, a scramble for infinite options to satisfy every taste or lack of taste, until the college bulletin resembled the smashed windows of a very large house, a house that had once been considered home. An academic home. There was no vision, however singular it might have been, that offered a future to the educators and that would return the faculty members' professions to them. The numbers were appalling: professional education for 700 students in architecture, education, engineering, nursing, biomedicine, law, and the performing arts; 1,700 who needed remedial work; and a handful of students in liberal arts and sciences who were genuinely ready for a college education—they were now called "honors students."

The natural tendency was to expand the professional programs and to view liberal education deductively, to establish career goals and then to shape the education for them accordingly. The general economic condition of the city and of the nation encouraged parents, students, and educators to move in this direction—to clutch at what seemed to promise a chance of survival in a confusing age. The study of languages, literature, philosophy, history, physics, and mathematics on their own terms seemed impossible, given the desires and needs of the students, given the pressures of a decaying city, given the budget (which finally ran out on May 28, 1976, forcing the City University to close for two weeks while we listened to wrangling politicians and lined up, for the first time in our lives, for unemployment compensation). As each career program was established, the traditional disciplines in liberal arts and sciences were placed in a service relationship to vocationalism—as though the only way the disciplines could be made interesting or relevant was by attaching them to practical programs.

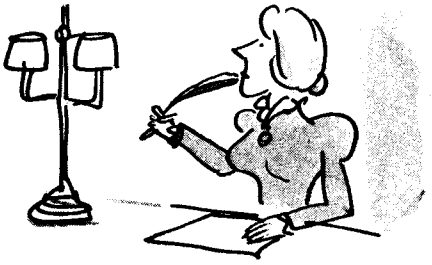
Today, open admissions has ended in New York City for lack of funds. But the urban conditions that prompted it will remain to haunt us as memories of what we failed to achieve. Inevitably, one returns in education to the basic questions of what the student *knows* upon graduation and especially of what skills of interpretation he possesses. If he does not know something of philosophy and history; if he has not developed the critical skills that enable him to distinguish the moral from the immoral, flatulent language from genuine, art from artifact—then he is not educated. Discrimination is essential: intellectual discrimination. That and lengthening the critical attention span, so atomized by television and radio and newspapers and a hundred forces colliding with the eye and the ear. And acquiring the understanding of a few great texts—a few will suffice—that have lived beyond their moment in time. And achieving the self-reliance that grows from the authority of knowing some things well.

Knowledge is certainly not enough. It should lead to wisdom, which carries vision in its meaning. But without knowledge, wisdom is hard bought. And knowledge cannot be only the sociology and economics and political science of the moment, ever shifting, stimulating an anxiety that stems from uncertainty, fogged by statistics that carry with them apparent truth. Without a past, what future can we have? ◉

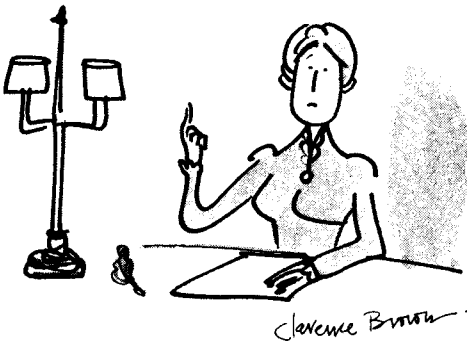
Theodore L. Gross is dean of humanities at the City College of New York. A scholar of American studies, he has recently served as general editor of America in Literature *(John Wiley, 1978). This essay is part of the first chapter of a work in progress,* The Humanities in Higher Education.



"How do I love thee?"



"Let me count the ways."



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hearts and Flourishes

A Valentine Scrapbook

Here's Where Thou Art, Romeo

IF THOU ART romantic, thou goest to Verona, on the plains near Venice, the hometown of Romeo and Juliet. Tradition says the story of the Capulets and the Montagues dates from 1303, with Shakespeare picking up an Italian tale first published in 1524 and serving up Romeo and Juliet in 1596. In Verona, visitors can see what is suggested to be the home of the Capulets, balcony intact. Juliet's tomb rests in the crypt of the Convent of St. Francis, a thirteenth-century church where the secret ceremony uniting the lovers was said to have been performed. The town continues to hire a letter writer to answer the lovelorn who leave notes on Juliet's tomb. Mozart, Goethe, Heine, and Maria Theresa of Austria were among Verona's many visitors. All of them stayed at the Due Torri, an inn that was redone in 1958. Its 100 rooms are decorated with period pieces, each room in a different style. It is probably the only hotel where visiting romantics (and others) can choose their quarters by consulting a set of 100 color slides kept at the front desk.

When these three-foot-high crowned cranes stretch their necks and begin to bow and leap and dance, they're not eager to waltz to Lawrence Welk; it means they're ready for action, rated PG.

Valentine

Chipmunks jump, and
Greensnakes slither.
Rather burst than
Not be with her.

Bluebirds fight, but
Bears are stronger.
We've got fifty
Years or longer.

Hoptoads hop, but
Hogs are fatter.
Nothing else but
us can matter.

—Donald Hall*

Love is time and space measured by the heart. —Marcel Proust

A Deux

I twist your arm,
You twist my leg,
I make you cry,
You make me beg,
I dry your eyes,
You wipe my nose,
And that's the way
The kissing goes.

—William Wood*

Mating Calls Among the Fauna

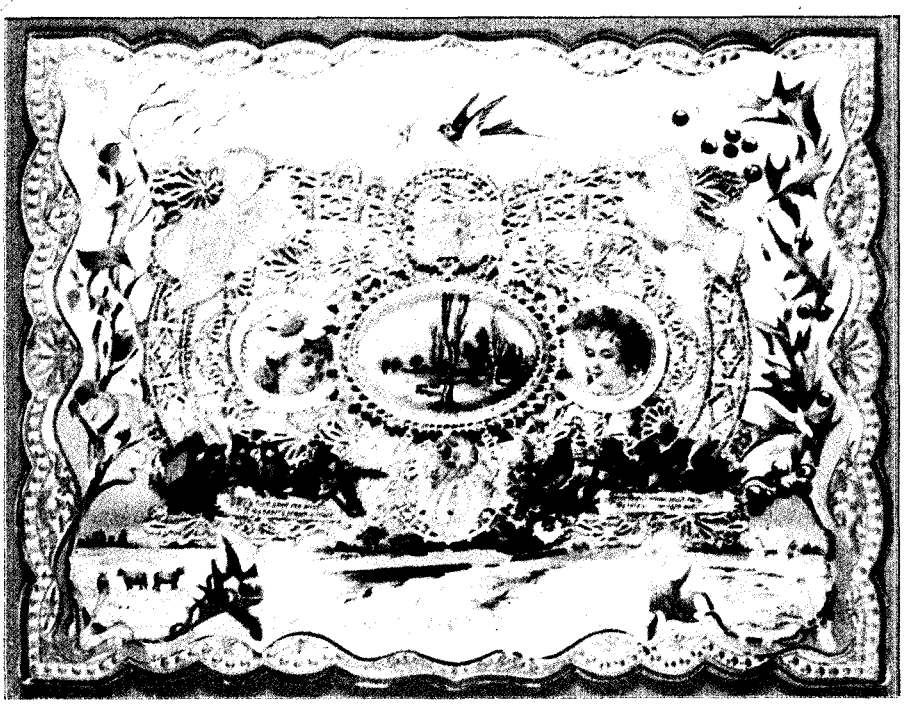
Male birds sing to establish their mating territory and to attract a partner. Peacocks fan their tails and bighorned sheep butt their heavy-horned heads together with a crash that can be heard for miles. Bull wapiti bugle their challenge to other males until the valleys ring with their power and proclamations. In a pond a frog sings and puffs himself up, displaying his splendor to another of his kind. At 10,000 feet a male eagle whirls through an incredible aerial display, working himself into a premating frenzy while his aerobatics are paralleled far below by a fragile winged insect who may hatch in the morning, mate at midday and die before the sun sets.

—Roger Caras
The Private Lives of Animals
Grosset & Dunlap, 1974

Illustration from *The Courtship of Birds*, copyright © 1977 by Hilda Simon. All rights reserved. Reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

* from *A Book of Love Poems*, edited by William Cole.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Penpersonship

BEFORE THE DAYS of printed commercial greetings, valentines were composed by the sender. For those who were inept at phraseology or at rhyme, a French publisher in 1669 produced the first valentine writer, a book from which swains could copy messages to be dispatched to their heart's desire. Some writers contained only slushy verse, appearing under such titles as "The Turtle Dove" and "Poems of Love—A Manual for the Valentine Writer." One advertised itself as a valentine writer for "dandies, whimsies, quizzes, odd gentlemen, odd ladies, and lovers of mirth and glee." A circumspect message from a writer published in 1850 went like this:

CHARMING LADY—

Your beauty long since attracted my admiration. Since then, your amiable qualities have won my most devoted love.

If you can accept of one whose strongest claim to your regard, is his sensibility to your merits, you will permit me to subscribe myself, with the fondest devotion, your

VALENTINE

Juliet

How did the party go in Portman Square?
I cannot tell you; Juliet was not there.

And how did Lady Gaster's party go?
Juliet was next me and I do not know.

—Hilaire Belloc*

I Wish I Were in Love Again

The furtive sigh,
The blackened eye,
The words "I'll love you till the day I die,"
The self-deception that believes the lie,
I wish I were in love again!
When love congeals
It soon reveals
The faint aroma of performing seals
The double crossing of a pair of heels
I wish I were in love again!

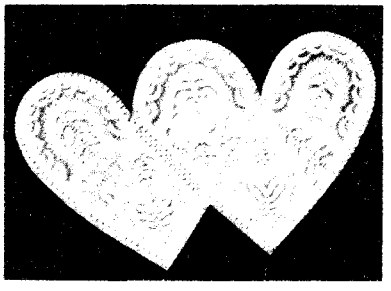
—Lorenz Hart

Copyright © 1937 by Chappell & Co., Inc.,copyright renewed, international copyright secured, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, used by permission

Queen of Hearts

Oh, life is a glorious cycle of song
A medley of extemporanea
And love is a thing that can never go wrong
And I am the Queen of Rumania.

—Dorothy Parker



Turn-Ons

APHRODISIACS have turned people on for centuries. They range from hot chocolate to bull urine, sweetened wine to strychnine, and heart of turtledove to bat's blood with ass's milk. Everyone knows what an apple did to Adam, and "Love Potion Number Nine" was a hit as recently as 1959.*

Today, many people think that only men took aphrodisiacs. Many did. Tiberius ate chervil, exacted from Germans as tribute; and Louis XIV ate peas, despite his mistress's complaint that at sixty-six he wanted to make love twice a day.

Others, however, were not so lucky. Lucretius, Ovid says, died from an amatory potion, and Caligula went mad, some believe, from hippomanes—a devastating elixir derived from pregnant mares.

Nevertheless, women have used love charms liberally, too. Medieval German girls rolled in wheat to make themselves fertile; Indian women put peacock bones crushed with charcoal** on their eyelids to make them more alluring; and Mme. de Pompadour drank celery soup with truffles to arouse her own sexual appetite as soon as she felt the king's attention waning.

For a very special aphrodisiac, here is a seventeenth-century recipe: Collect 200 ants' eggs, 200 millipedes' eggs, and 250 bees' eggs. Crush together and leave for a month. Pour off the clear fluid and drink. —Jean Campbell

*The Clovers, United Artists.
**During peacock scarcity, blue jay's eggs can be substituted; but being more common, they are probably less effective.

A Fine Romance

THE GAME OF Hearts, unlike the game of love, is descended from an eighteenth-century Spanish card contest called Reversis. The object is to score fewer points than one's opponent, a circumstance that is achieved by unloading high cards, especially hearts. When it comes to settling accounts, each player must part with one chip for every heart in his hand. The player with the fewest hearts wins the pot. Or, to put it another way, he who is rich is heartless.

Valentines courtesy of Hallmark Historical Collection

* from *A Book of Love Poems*, edited by William Cole.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Darling Clem

"My marriage was the most fortunate and joyous event which happened to me in the whole of my life, for what can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought."

—Winston Churchill

The Look

Strephon kissed me in the spring,
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day.

—Sara Teasdale*

Gifts of Love

OF ALL THE GIFTS of love, the most famous and the most opulent is the Taj Mahal, that magnificent architectural billet-doux built by Shah Jahan, at Agra, India. It stands as a memorial to Mumtaz Mahal, the shah's wife for 19 years, who died in childbirth in 1631. The Taj took 22 years to complete. Three hundred years later, it was still being called "[closer to] perfection than any other work of man."

While Elizabeth Taylor was married to Richard Burton, she fancied a perfect pear-shaped 69.42-carat diamond and bid $1 million for it at a Parke Bernet auction. It was sold to Cartier's for $1,050,000. Elizabeth was desolate, so the next day Burton bought the sparkler, big as a peach pit and for 24 hours known as the Cartier diamond, from the jewelers. It was the beau geste of 1969.

A dozen years earlier, publisher S. I. Newhouse chanced to ask his wife, Mitzi, what she fancied as a present for their thirty-third wedding anniversary. "Oh, just get me *Vogue*," she said diffidently. So Newhouse, no dealer in single copies, peeled off $5 million and bought her *Vogue*—and along with it, *House and Garden* and *Glamour*.

Love Lines

Love does not dominate, it cultivates.

—Goethe

Love is a talkative passion.

—Bishop Wilson

What is irritating about love is that it is a crime that requires an accomplice.

—Baudelaire

What is love? Ask him who lives, what is life? Ask him who adores, what is God?

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

Love and religion are the two most volcanic emotions to which the human organism is liable.

—Havelock Ellis

Treacle Talk

French:	***Mon petit chou***	***(My little cabbage)***
Spanish:	***Mi chata***	***(My little nose)***
Russian:	***Moi puzik***	***(My tummy)***
German:	***Mein(e) Schnuckiputz***	***(My little pussycat)***
Yiddish:	***Mein(e) tibele***	***(My little dove)***
Greek:	***Poulaki mou***	***(My little bird)***
Hebrew:	***Duvshanit Shelee***	***(My little honeycake)***
Danish:	***Min due***	***(My dove)***
Italian:	***Tesoro mio***	***(My treasure)***

Love at the Opera

Mary Garden, a great Salome, as she slithered up to Marcel Journet, the evening's Jokanaan, whose head she would later demand: "Bon soir, Papa."

Maria Callas, as Tosca, to Tito Gobbi, as Scarpia, for deftly, inconspicuously squeezing a smoldering spark from a wig that had been ignited by a candle: "Grazie, Tito," as she stabbed him to death.

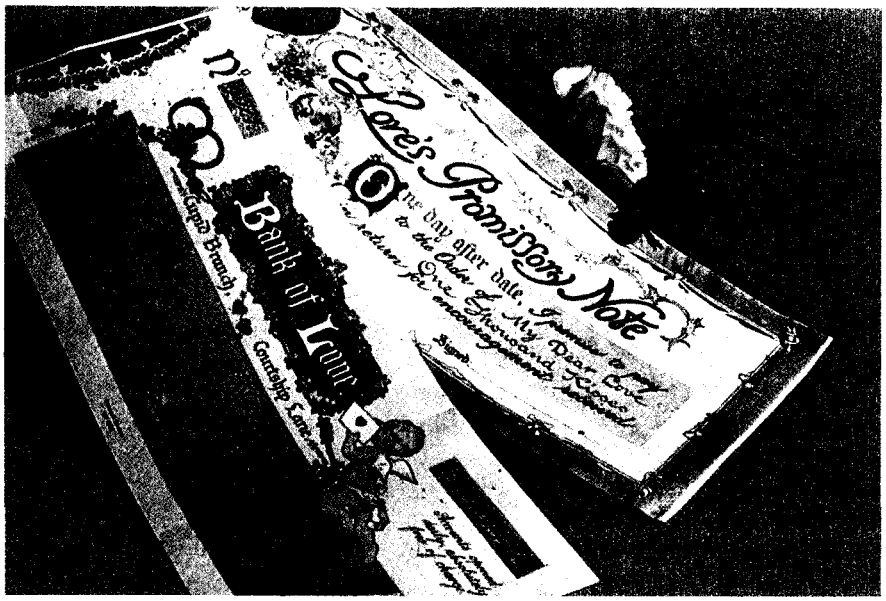
Carmen to a Don José, during their love duet in act two: "If you can't stay away from garlic, stay away from me."

Admirer to singer, after a fine performance: "Your partner seemed so in love with you tonight—especially in act two, such an embrace!" Singer: "He was holding me so tight because my zip had come undone at the back."

Gene looks for wilder shores of paradise in The World's Greatest Lover.

* from *A Book of Love Poems*, edited by William Cole.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Love Troubadour

FIVE NIGHTS a week in most seasons, Bobby Short sings about love in a salon of Manhattan's Carlyle Hotel. He also sings love songs in concert, on television, and—for the yacht-and-private-plane people—at private parties. He is the modern love troubadour, enunciating the lyrics of Berlin, Hart, Gershwin, and Porter with great clarity and wringing every heartfelt droplet of emotion from the words. Who was the greatest love lyricist? Well, don't leave out Berlin, or Oscar Hammerstein, "who wrote lovely, lovely love songs." But in the runoff, it comes down to Lorenz Hart and Cole Porter.

"Hart embraced the idea of falling in love, God knows, but he also talked about all the wounds and hurts. In more cases, Porter's love was returned. I felt that Porter was able to stand up and declare the feeling of being in love like no American composer ever did. Porter loved saying, 'I'm in Love,' 'I Love You,' 'At Long Last Love?' When it comes to love songs, he wins out, for me.

"Maybe, in Porter's sophistication he understood that tomorrow it could all be over, but for the moment it is everything. Look at the song 'After You.' Such all-out adoration! Porter was celebrating love. The idea of falling in love is some kind of marvelous experience. It's what we're here for. I think it's marvelous if it only lasts for a weekend—which is something else Porter wrote about. He really looked forward to the chance of falling in love. 'You'd Be So Easy to Love,' 'At Long Last Love?'—that kind of thing. I don't think he was ever afraid of it. I sing about love, and I think it's sensational. I see it being enacted every night on all levels. It's fascinating to observe the glance, the hands, the look, the tears, oh, the absolute tears."

Give Her a Punch

WILLIAM CLIFFORD, the wine writer, suggests a fruity punch to be served on St. Valentine's Day. Mix a bottle of white wine (he pushes French Colony Colombard, from California) with a cup of Boggs Cranberry Liqueur, a cup of orange juice, and a quart of soda water. Add ice cubes or a block of ice in a punch bowl. It makes enough for eight parched lovers.

The Cupids of Kansas City

NINE OUT OF TEN of the truckloads of valentines sold every year by Hallmark, the world's largest purveyor of greeting cards, are mushy, traditional expressions of undying devotion. Most are prepared by in-house writers working in the modern Hallmark plant in Kansas City. In this category, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "How Do I Love Thee?" continues to be a best seller, as does Shakespeare's verse, reprinted with an additional 16 lines of iambic pentameter provided by the Kansas City cupids.

The company's line of contemporary cards—buzz words for funny valentines—is manufactured from the offerings of contract writers, free-lancers, and amateurs who send in card ideas or verse or both. The editorial staff looks at 70,000 ideas for the 80 valentines it publishes each year. Nearly 90 percent of the buyers are women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-nine. No card is left to chance. Each is tested before groups assembled from local PTAs, churches, or universities. There is also a computerized test that tells which cards are succeeding at the counters.

The language on cards tends to run behind the pacesetting fast-talkers of New York and the West Coast. Hallmark isn't eager to get too far ahead of the audience, so two years from now the line of cards will still be using phrases like "no way" and "messin' around," as well as that current term of debasement, "turkey."

The fiftyish generation inclines toward sarcasm, sexual innuendo, and a bold approach. Young people believe sex ought to be discussed openly, not implied leeringly. Yet, women are coming on stronger, in a way that would have been unheard of 10 years ago. Among this year's offerings are these winners: (cover) "On Valentine's Day, let's try a little restraint!"; (inside) "Goodness knows, we've tried everything else!"; (cover) "Before I agree to be your valentine, I have two questions. First: Are you after my body?" ; (inside) " And second: Why not?"

It is far safer to be feared than loved.
—Machiavelli

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

Fishing, With a Cast of Thousands

Cheeca Lodge—"Sauntering out of one's room and walking to the fish."

by Horace Sutton

WHAT DO YOU DO when you have journeyed 1,300 miles to have a go at the fish, when you've spent the prior sunshiny afternoon on dry land getting the fine points on the proper employment of a casting rod, when the morning you have chosen erupts in the angry growl of thunder, when you're sitting there in the open boat and the sheets of rain come down as they did on Noah and his friends? Do you stay out there in the foul weather wrapped in your foul weather gear and fish, or do you take your gear and your guide and all your hopes and get out of there?

It must be recorded here for all time, and for all men to see, that this fisherman beat it and was shortly at a table in the establishment known as Papa Joe's, at mile marker 80, which is how addresses are designated here in the Florida keys.

The signs are pushing scallops and oysters, stone crabs and key lime pie, but it is only ten after seven in the morning, and I am looking at the young face of The Guide over a cup of coffee. In the keys, the weather is the great determinant. It creates balmy days in seasons that make it warmer here than anywhere else in the country. It also manufactures hurricanes of monstrous force that have blown out men and ideas and run up frightful death tolls.

It was that way on Labor Day in 1935, when the hurricane flooded the Overseas Railroad, the tides washing over the embankments that had been built between the islands. When the rescue party finally got there, it found over 400 bodies. Some of those who perished on a wind-lashed coral atoll in Florida had survived Belleau Wood. They were members of the Bonus Expeditionary Force, which in the nadir of the Great Depression had marched on Washington to seek relief. The hard core protesters, who would not return home, were banded into a construction force that was sent south to work on the Florida Overseas Railroad. Near the center of Upper Matecumbe Key, which goes under the more exotic name of Islamorada, stands a monument that marks the mass burial plot for the casualties of the last battle of the Bonus Expeditionary Force. There is that to remember them, and Jack's Bar, which was built at the place where the rescue train sent to pluck them to safety was overturned.

So, the weather is *the* factor in the keys, and this morning it has put The Guide and me at a table in Papa Joe's, looking at each other over coffee and talking fish. The offshore people are called charter captains, The Guide explains. There is no wistfulness in his voice, even though he acknowledges that on days like this, the charter captains have the edge; their craft have cover from the elements.

Those who take clients out in open boats for small game fish or for eating fish are called fishing guides. Some of the boats have bonnets, but most do not. Either way, they are exposed to the elements. Fishing for small, sporty game fish is less expensive than renting a large powerboat to set out for sailfish or marlin. A fishing guide rents his services and his boat, fully equipped, for $110 for a full day; $70 for a half day. A charter boat, on the other hand, costs $125 for half a day, $200 for a full day.

The fishing guide sets up for tarpon or bone, both of which put up a tremendous fight and neither of which is edible. In fishing tournaments, great effort is made to keep the fish alive until it is weighed. If a fish looks to be in the contender class, the guide must keep it wet and alive while he rushes it back to the nearest weighing station. Then the fish is quickly returned to water so, presumably, other sportsmen may have a crack at it.

Tarpon feed while drifting in deep channels, around bridges, and between Islamorada and Flamingo, at the bottom edge of the Everglades. The fisherman can drift-fish, cast, or, with the current running, use a float. The fish will come by and take the hook. Tarpon can be caught with an artificial lure, which requires sighting a school or an individual fish and casting for it. In this method, the fisherman can see the big mouth open up and take the offering. With a disgruntled tarpon as long as eight feet, mouth to tail, on the line, the action can get, as The Guide says, laconically, "extremely exciting." The largest tarpon taken on a fly rod weighed 187 pounds. But two

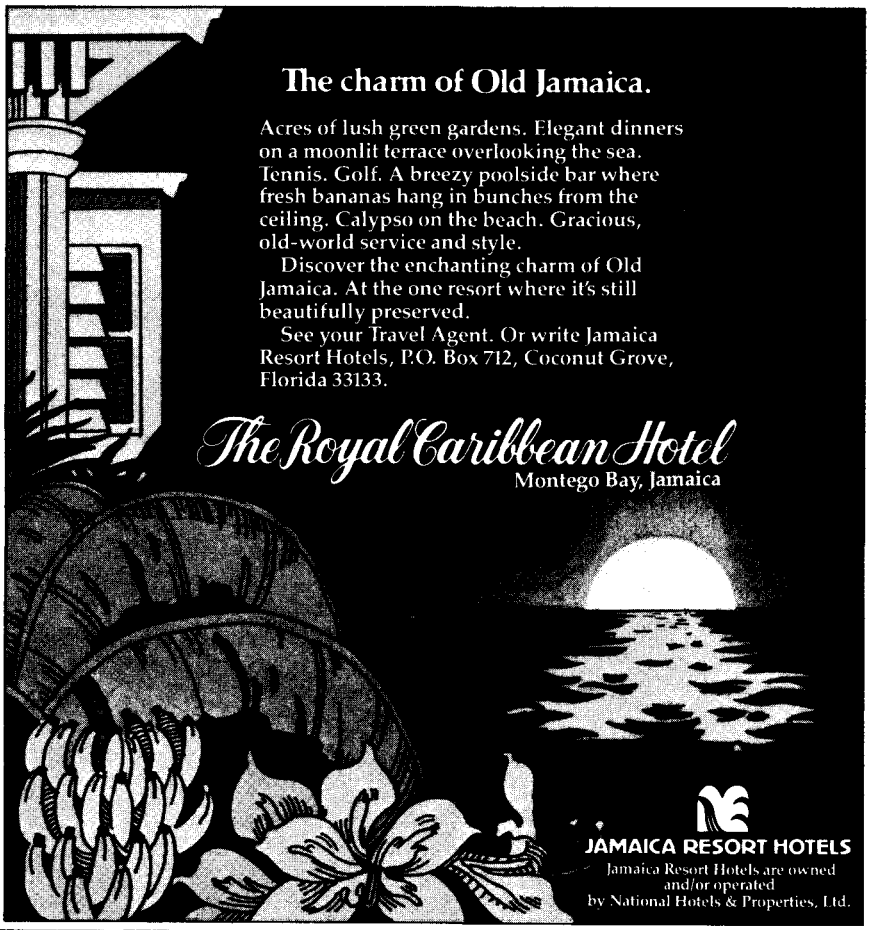
Wit Twister No. 111

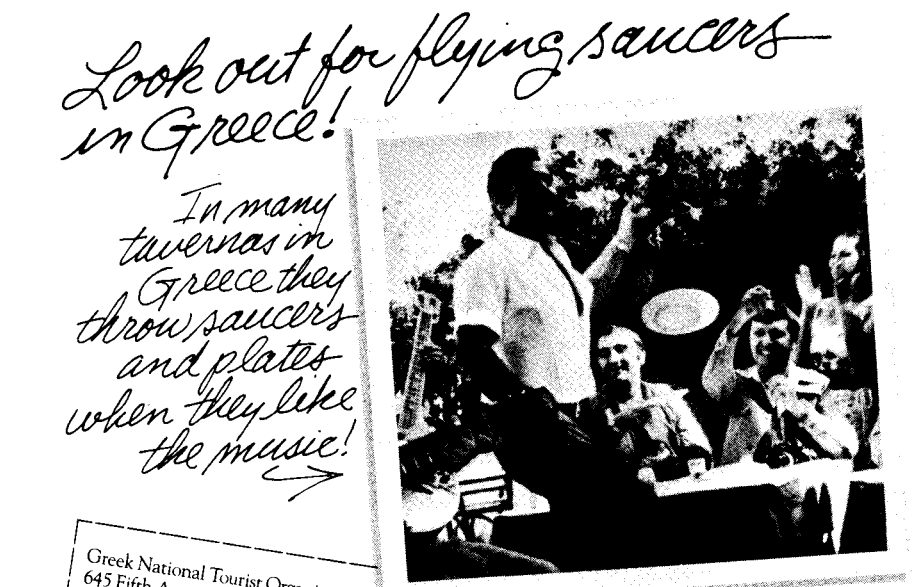
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 52.

The stable's — — — — — — glow red at break of day.
Light — — — — — — — inside as sunlight floods the vale.
The colt, awakened, — — — — — —, then seeks his hay
And whisks his wispy — — — — — — of a tail. A.S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


The charm of Old Jamaica.
Acres of lush green gardens. Elegant dinners on a moonlit terrace overlooking the sea. Tennis. Golf. A breezy poolside bar where fresh bananas hang in bunches from the ceiling. Calypso on the beach. Gracious, old-world service and style.
Discover the enchanting charm of Old Jamaica. At the one resort where it's still beautifully preserved.
See your Travel Agent. Or write Jamaica Resort Hotels, P.O. Box 712, Coconut Grove, Florida 33133.
The Royal Caribbean Hotel
Montego Bay, Jamaica
JAMAICA RESORT HOTELS
Jamaica Resort Hotels are owned and/or operated by National Hotels & Properties, Ltd.


Look out for flying saucers in Greece!
In many tavernas in Greece they throw saucers and plates when they like the music!
Greek National Tourist Organization
645 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212) 421-5777
168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601 (312) 782-1084
627 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, CA 90017 (213) 626-6696
Please send free color brochures on Greece.
Name
Address
City/State/Zip
Travel Agent
There's no place on earth like Greece! For color brochures ask your travel agent or send this today!

years ago, a 243-pounder was caught at night, which many think is a better time to fish because tarpon feed after dark.

Tarpon fishing takes up six months of a guide's year. The season runs from March through August, but the prime months are April, June, and July. The Guide is already booked up for most of May and June, his clients coming from as far afield as Colorado, California, and Canada.

Bone fishing is a limited experience for the novice angler, or so says The Guide, who doesn't talk backcountry argot but fashions reasonably accomplished syntax for a breed not especially renowned for linguistic elegance. The surest way to catch a bone is to anchor during periods of low water, dice several dozen shrimp, and throw them out as chum. At that point, the fisherman should cast where the chum has been tossed. The bonefish, meanwhile, having smelled the shrimp and started to eat, will eventually get to *your* shrimp. In this scenario, according to The Guide, the shrimp do the work.

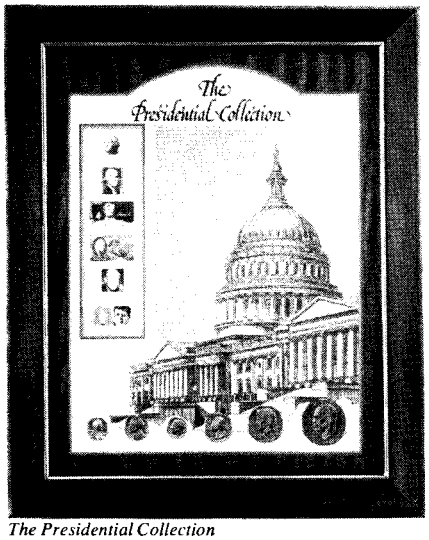
In an alternative method, the guide does the work, poling the boat with a fiber glass pole used in drier circumstances by pole-vaulters. The guide-does-the-work method requires clear visibility so the guide can nudge the skiff toward the waiting bone, where, presumably, the sportsman will cast adroitly, plunking an irresistible morsel at the very lip of the ravenous fish.

Finally, there is the matter of setting out to catch eating fish, which many sport fishermen disdain and most Sunday fishermen enjoy. If it is overcast and windy, going after eating fish is what you depend upon, says The Guide. And the winter months are as liable to be overcast and windy as brilliantly sunny and still. Catching eating fish is the joy of the fisherman frustrated by the search for tarpon or the sophisticated stalking of the bone. In this wide-open league, the underwater traffic is busy with gray and mangrove snapper, sea trout and mackerel—all caught on an artificial lure that looks like a bullet. On the bay side, grouper run from two pounds to ten. The Guide talks of potholes where every time a fisherman's line hits the water he pulls up a fish. With 20 eating fish in the boat and the weather improving, it may be time to try for game fish.

Working with a small boat opens all sorts of avenues of adventure. Florida Bay has long been renowned for its birds, and Audubon Society tours have cruised these waters carrying full complements of bird watchers. The Guide often takes people to Sandy Cay, where two bald eagles live. Some keys have picnic tables set in the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's precious legacy of freedom...preserved for your family in both coins and stamps.



The Presidential Collection

The Emergency Wartime Collection

The Symbols of Liberty Collection

You are invited to acquire the Kennedy Mint

Heritage Collector's Series of U.S. Coins & Stamps

Here's your opportunity to participate in a new offering that ranks as a true first-of-its-kind: The Heritage Collector's Series from the Kennedy Mint. Each set comes framed and museum mounted for immediate display.

This is the *first* collector's series ever offered by the Kennedy Mint that displays both coins *and* stamps with common themes together in their own showcases.

You can now acquire one or more sets in this series for a remarkably low price. We suggest you act immediately, since all of the stamps and many of the coins in the collection are no longer being issued. As such, they promise to become far more difficult to locate, and may disappear from circulation altogether.

There are three ready-to-display sets in this extraordinary series—each mounted in its own handsome showcase. They are:

The Presidential Collection Six Post Office-fresh stamps and six uncirculated mint-condition coins commemorate the greatest of all American statesmen: Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Eisenhower and Kennedy. These are the striking renditions that Americans love best: The Great Emancipator as he sits in the Lincoln Memorial... The Father of Our Country, as taken from the famous Jean Antoine Houdon bust ... FDR and his Four Freedoms... JFK's stirring inaugural words. Only $19.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling.

The Emergency Wartime Collection In the dark days following Pearl Harbor, the Mint and the Post Office joined in the war effort to boost American morale and conserve valuable resources. Of the five mint and uncirculated stamps and seven coins in the collection, you get: the scarce 1943 steel cent ... the 1942-45 issue silver nickel ... the 1944-45 issue Lincoln cent minted from spent shell casings... the "Army-Navy" 2¢ stamp (designed by FDR, himself a noted philatelist)... and the 3¢ "raising of the flag" Iwo Jima stamp. Only $19.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling.

The Symbols of Liberty Collection Now for the first time in one handsome frame, you can display the complete uncancelled American Credo Stamp issue, as well as the six coins chosen by the Treasury to commemorate our nation's Bicentennial. The American Credo stamps are styled to resemble colonial currency; each illustrates a famous quote by a great American. The mint-condition coins are mounted reverse side out to display the Lincoln Memorial, Monticello, the American Eagle, the Spirit of '76 and other inspiring symbols that recall our nation's proud beginnings. Only $19.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling.

You risk nothing. Each set is mounted in a handsome 13" x 16" walnut finish wood showcase for instant display.

Each set also carries the Kennedy Mint *Full Repurchase Double Warranty*—you risk absolutely nothing for 1 FULL YEAR if you're not completely satisfied.

Naturally, with each set, you receive a Certificate of Authenticity that will be personalized with your own registration number.

Remember, all stamps, and many of the coins in these collections, are no longer being issued. The Kennedy Mint may not be able to fill all orders, so we strongly urge you to reserve your collections now... before you forget.

UNIQUE DOUBLE WARRANTY

1. If you're not completely satisfied, return the set within 30 days for a full refund. We'll even pay the postage.
2. We will repurchase your set—at the full price you paid—within 1 year of shipment if you are dissatisfied in any way, provided, of course, that the set is undamaged and returned in its original frame.

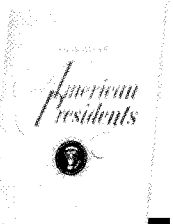
CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED DELIVERY BY PHONING TOLL-FREE 1(800) 321-1030*
or MAIL COUPON NOW
to reserve your collection. Order all three and SAVE $9.90. Charge your order if you wish (please have credit-card ready on phone orders).
*In Ohio Call (216) 433-4650

Act now for this FREE GIFT

When you order all three sets, you'll save $9.90... and also receive this Special Bonus: *Portraits of American Presidents*. This big 80 page volume is illustrated with 37 handsome full-color portraits and features biographical highlights of all our presidents.

This book is yours to keep FREE, even if you decide to return the collection.

The entire Heritage Collector's Series—all three plaques plus your FREE GIFT—only $49.95... you save $9.90.



THE KENNEDY MINT
1 Kennedy Circle, Cleveland, Ohio 44142

YES, please send the set(s) I have checked below: Dept. SR-2

☐ **SAVE $9.90—all three for $49.95 plus receive your FREE Book** ——— plus $4.80 shipping & handling
☐ Presidential Collection @ $19.95 ——— plus $2.00 shipping & handling
☐ Emergency Wartime Collection @ $19.95 ——— plus $2.00 shipping & handling
☐ Symbols of Liberty Collection @ $19.95 ——— plus $2.00 shipping & handling

Charge to: ☐ *BankAmericard (VISA)* ☐ *MasterCharge* ☐ *American Express* ☐ *Diner's Club*

Acct. No. _____ *Expiration Date* _____

Signature _____

Name _____ *(please print)*

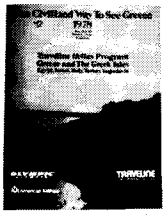
Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The civilized way to see Greece.

Traveline's 52-page book is packed with luxurious cruises. Tours of Classical Greece. Sojourns on sunny Isles. Plus elegant escorted tours. With many plans combining Greece with other countries. Lots of free extras. From Traveline, world's largest designer of tours to Greece. Write or call office nearest you.



TRAVELINE

The civilized way to see Greece.

Traveline, Inc.
680 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10019
(212) 757-0909
5205 Leesburg Pike, Falls Church, VA 22041
(703) 931-4115
151 N. Delaware St., Indianapolis, IN 46204
(317) 632-6067
1800 S. Young Cr., Hollywood, FL 33020
(305) 920-9202
8447 Wilshire, Beverly Hills, CA 90211
(213) 653-5711

Please send free 52-page vacation book at once.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

EUROPE BY CAR

45 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE

EUROPE IN A SUITCASE
is an easy-to-read book, crammed with travel tips you won't find elsewhere. Since 1955 it has been a guide to successful trips abroad ... its Get Ready Schedule thinks of everything! New 17th Edit. is $2.50 ($3 by 1st cl. mail).
Write to: **Mrs. Muriel Scudder**
Box 155-S Peterborough, N.H. 03458

shade, but others have been claimed by long-term residents: roseate spoonbills, flamingos, and herons.

Islamorada, which is almost halfway between Miami and Key West, is 75 miles from the bright lights of Biscayne Bay and 85 miles from Key West. It likes to call itself the bone fishing capital of the world, or sometimes, more inclusively, the sport fishing capital of the world. There are 60 guides working the waters, and you have to have been in Islamorada for two years before you can get in the guides' association. The Guide is not in it yet, being only twenty-four and recently out of university, but he owns a sleek rig and harbors a highly developed sense of purpose.

Those who don't choose to engage a small boat for its promised pleasures can apply to Bud N' Mary's Fishing Marina, on the south end of town, or to Chesapeake Dock, which invites participants to rid the world of sharks, at $250 a day, by sailing out aboard the *Dawn*. Kite fishing is a new kick that employs a square kite to keep bait on the surface of the water. Sail fishing improves as the autumn becomes more seasoned. A sailfish can be released, kept as a trophy to put over the chair if you are the president of a bank, or smoked and eaten. Cheapest of all is the *Caloosa*, the Chesapeake's party boat, which sets out to drift-fish for kingfish, grouper, snapper, yellowtail, and, should you want one, barracuda.

When people aren't catching fish down on the keys, they are eating them. Often they eat what they catch, and a place called the Lazy Dolphin makes a specialty of this arrangement, although it also provides fish for those who come home with an empty creel. Considerable local fuss is made over an establishment called Ziggie's, which is named for the former operator of a gaming parlor, now extinct, farther down the pike. It seethes like an overdone stage set with Formica and fish trophies. The menu is an orgy of sauce-coated seafood, of which I render some examples: Lorenzo— "well-seasoned" crab meat on toast, covered with hollandaise and set under the broiler; lobster Mexicali—a plain upstanding lobster with no record of moral turpitude is nevertheless done up with green peppers, shallots, and what is described as a tangy seasoning. Cheese is strewn over the top, and the whole is remanded to the oven. And then there is fish Rangoon, which, had it been invented earlier, might have caused Kipling to forswear writing lyrics about the road to Mandalay. Snapper, dolphin, or yellowtail—your choice—is slathered with bananas, mangoes, and papayas, then cov-

DISCOVER THE PACIFIC, '78

An SR Special Section Coming March 18

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ered with hollandaise and run under the broiler. Oysters Bienville will relieve you of $10.75 at Ziggie's, a price that might raise some eyebrows over on Bourbon Street.

At the other end of the scale is the Coral Grill, where for $6.95 the diner is offered a buffet table of steamed shrimp, duck, short ribs, and prime ribs. The decor is not to be confused with Lucas Carton's, but on Saturday nights the parking lot looks like the Super Bowl is being played somewhere in the vicinity.

A snug den known as The Green Turtle can be ranked somewhere between the conchy grandeur of Ziggie's and the cafeteria charm of the Coral Grill. It does flipper chowder and green turtle steak, as well as other delights of the sea not quite as outré. Some of the specialties of The Green Turtle's table can be bought in cans at Sid & Roxie's, on the other side of U.S. 1. Tinned conch chowder and turtle chowder are sent all over the nation. For local residents or for those occupying quarters with housekeeping facilities, cooked Florida lobster is about $2.50 a pound here and stone crab, a seasonal delicacy in these parts, about $3.25.

Agents tell me, although I have had no personal encounter, that Marker 88, a small restaurant built on a bayou on Plantation Key, overlooking the Gulf of Mexico, is an acceptable place to apply for nourishment. There are two seatings; you order your dinner over the telephone when you reserve your table, and you must be prepared to separate yourself from $40 for two before quitting the premises.

Of the assorted places to stay, the Islander is the quintessential motel, with 110 rooms, most of them with kitchenettes. It has two pools, an enormous stretch of beach, and there are charcoal grills for broiling the yellowtail caught in the Gulf that morning.

Cheeca Lodge, once a private club, has been turned into an elegant, compact resort. An unassuming turnoff at mile marker 82 leads from U.S. 1 into a neat enclave of 25 acres packed with two freshwater pools; four all-weather, lighted tennis courts; and an executive nine-hole golf course that Jack Nicklaus had a hand in building. The main lodge and a sprinkling of cottages are scattered along the oceanfront. Fishing boats can tie up at the lodge dock, but for fisherpersons who prefer not to stray from land, the pier is lighted and reaches 525 feet into the Atlantic. Fishing guides and charter captains will pick you up at Cheeca, but it is kind of a camp to try one's luck from the pier, sauntering out of one's room and walking to the fish. ◉

OLYMPIC'S NEW LOW FARES TO GREECE.

Now everybody can Go Greek.

Run barefoot along the sunny Aegean. Drink a little ouzo. Dance to the crazy bouzouki. Sail to seductive isles. Feel the magic of ancient Delphi.

Only Olympic Airways can fly you to all of Greece. Has nonstop 747s year 'round from the U.S. And gives you hundreds of tours to pick from.

For brochures and details on our new low fares, call your travel agent or Olympic—the airline that flies more Americans nonstop to Greece than anybody.

Go Greek, Go Olympic.

OLYMPIC AIRWAYS

JACK NICKLAUS FISHED HERE.

Islamorada's Cheeca Lodge, in the Florida Keys. 25 acres of casual, sophisticated relaxation. With a 1,100 ft. ocean beach that's one sand trap Jack doesn't mind spending time in. A 525 ft. lighted fishing pier. Four lighted tennis courts.

Two fresh-water pools. Playground and game room. Spacious guest rooms and villas. A popular dining room and lounge, with entertainment.

And an executive golf course created by the same people who build them for Jack Nicklaus. (No wonder Jack and his family love it here.)

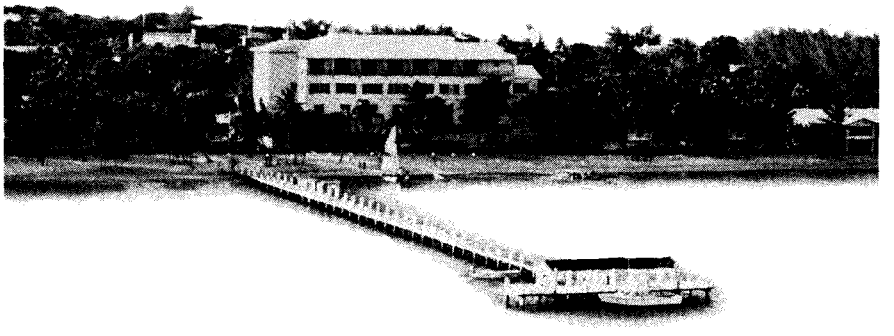
Come to the finest resort in the Florida Keys. In Islamorada, the sport fishing capital of the world.

For reservations, call your travel agent or toll-free 800-327-2888 (outside Florida). Miami direct line: 245-3755.

Cheeca Lodge. Overseas Highway (U.S. 1) at Mile Marker 82. Islamorada, Florida 33036. (305) 664-4651.

Cheeca Lodge

The Keys' most complete year-round resort.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Up from Aristocracy

On Becoming American
by Ted Morgan
Houghton Mifflin, 352 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Jane Larkin Crain

IN 1974, *le comte* Sanche de Gramont, born into one of France's oldest aristocratic families, renounced his title, became a naturalized American citizen, and changed his name to Ted Morgan. As Gramont, he had already won a substantial reputation as a journalist and had traveled and worked abroad extensively. Witty, cosmopolitan, impeccably well-bred, he was at home everywhere: in the privileged worlds of Park Avenue and Avenue Foch, on treks through the Sahara, manning night desks on New York newspapers. And yet, "feeling no kinship with the Gramonts"—whom he consigns, in Hegel's phrase, to the "historical lumber room of old Europe"—uneasy with his patrician name and the social trappings that went with it, he was essentially homeless in the world.

As Morgan explains in *On Becoming American*, by and large a congenial assortment of wide-ranging speculations on the meaning and nature of "America," he had spent most of his life on the move—first as the child of a French diplomat and later as a foreign correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*. By the age of forty, feeling worn down by his rootlessness and the tension of being "not quite French and not quite American," he decided to cast his lot with the New World, to seize "the prospect that is held out to all immigrants, of unlimited possibilities and a better future."

With unabashed enthusiasm, Morgan celebrates his adopted country in this book, although there is enough of the acute and skeptical journalist left in "Citizen Morgan" to save him from softheadedness or sentimentality. Brushing aside the judgments of "anointed nay-sayers, the federally funded Cassandras, the boys who pile up foundation grants by predicting the imminent demise of American society," Morgan endorses the American knack for problem-solving and for effecting workable compromises between principle and necessity. Himself an ardent environmentalist, he cheerfully announces, *contra* Barry Commoner, that Lake Erie isn't dying; applauds the most mundane of technology's bounties—"Better a General Electric no-defrost refrigerator than a Louis XIV chair"; revels in the interstate highway system, fast food, and the car culture. He catalogs "matchless American things to eat," among them the Idaho potato, "the best in the world, worth presenting in a Tiffany case"; discourses at length on "useful American devices," like the shopping cart, the zipper, and chewing gum; and analyzes 10 characteristic American traits—including altruism, anti-intellectualism, and provincialism—with the qualification that "the society is in such a state of flux that its significant traits must be seen in terms of paired opposites."

Among Morgan's central preoccupations is the immigrant experience, which he explores at length, mixing analyses of general trends with biographical sketches of such men as Felix Frankfurter, Fiorello LaGuardia, Carl Schurz, and of other, less luminous immigrants and their children for whom the promise of America was made good.

Although the classic image of America as eternal refuge has held up, the ideal was consistently challenged by a strong current in national opinion that denied the country's capacity to absorb successive waves of the foreign-born while still maintaining a unique national character. Responding in panic and dismay to the large numbers of immigrants arriving from eastern and southern Europe at the turn of century, Congress passed the National Origins Immigration Act of 1921, the first in a series of quota laws. Morgan documents a sorry history of American exclusionism and bigotry, often spearheaded "by good men who believed in social justice [but] were nonetheless prisoners of the prejudice of their times." In illustration, here is one Dr. Richard Cabot, a pioneer in health care for the poor, describing his reaction to a patient at Massachusetts General Hospital: "I see not Abraham Cohen, but a Jew; not the sharp clear outline of the unique sufferer, but the vague, misty, composite photograph of all the hundreds of Jews who in the past ten years have shuffled up... with bent back and deprecating eyes.... I see a Jew—a nervous, complaining, whimpering Jew."

But despite such noisome sentiments directed against the Jews, the Catholics, the Irish—whomever—despite quotas, despite poverty and deracination, the immigrants did come by the millions and continue to come, proving to Morgan that "this country is a success, in the same way that a Broadway show is a success. People are lined up at the box office for tickets of admission."

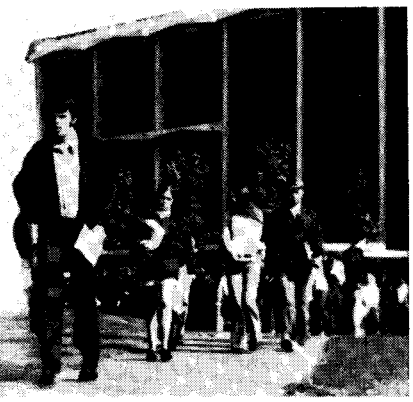
Altogether, Morgan's eagerness to defy current conventions of American anti-Americanism, to affirm social progress on numerous fronts, is refreshing, and many of his reflections and assessments are witty, cogent, and engrossing. But there is also about this book a regrettable tendency toward breezy and reductive formulations that undermine its ultimate seriousness. In discussing, for example, "The Goyization of Felix Frankfurter" (in itself a lamentable turn of phrase), Morgan dismisses Frankfurter as a man who betrayed an early liberalism for a mistaken, immigrant-mentality notion of what it means to be "a good American." This interpretation of a career does scant justice to the complexities of constitutional debate and to Frankfurter's towering place in the conservative tradition. Moreover, such a judgment is not without the sort of snobbish bigotry Morgan himself decries.

In a similarly simplistic fashion, Morgan reviles (with seeming gratuitousness) Daniel P. Moynihan as a "porcine opportunist," claiming that as ambassador to the United Nations he took the positions he did merely to curry favor with the New York electorate, hence paving his way to the Senate. Such a charge, aside from its banality, ignores the fact that Moynihan's bravura performance at the United Nations defied regnant liberal pieties and went over the heads of America's power brokers directly to the public. There is a bit of the French aristocrat's disdain for the boy from

Jane Larkin Crain is a free-lance writer and critic whose work appears in Commentary *and* The New York Times Book Review.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you want to buy a college education as carefully as you buy a car, there is only ONE consumer guide



The only *consumer oriented* guide that asks the same hard questions seniors and their parents do...with new, vital after-graduation statistics!

Next to a new home, a college education is probably the largest single life investment students and parents will make. Before you pay up to $30,000 for that education, it makes sense to invest just $8.95—in the one college guide that takes an objective, "consumer tested" approach to the problem of picking the right college AND getting in.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LOVEJOY'S, BARRON'S—AND US

Ask any bookseller; he'll show you three respected college guides. The first, *Lovejoy's,* covers accredited and unaccredited institutions in just 423 pages. The second, *Barron's Profiles,* covering four-year institutions in 917 pages, draws its data almost exclusively from what colleges and universities say about themselves. In contrast, *Cass & Birnbaum's Comparative Guide,* covering all accredited four-year institutions in 1,017 pages, is the only guide based on original, critical research—with data drawn *not only from school administrations,* but also from the U.S. Office of Education and the National Science Foundation—as well as from surveys of student leaders and college deans. The respected *Personnel and Guidance Journal* calls it...

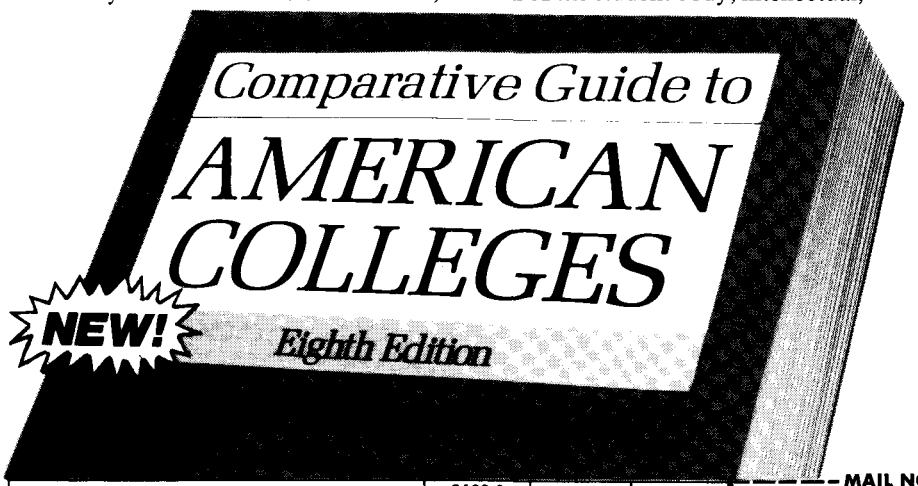
"helpful and even daring...helpful because it contains information not usually found in other guides or college catalogues...daring in that it takes a 'consumer's view' of the college-choosing problem."

Only *Cass & Birnbaum's Comparative Guide* is equipped to answer all your questions in such depth: all factors in admission; current costs, scholarships and loans; special academic opportunities; religious and racial composition of the student body; intellectual, social and cultural environment; rules governing student conduct—and who makes them; academic pressures and degree requirements; and campus life styles—even including such small but significant factors as how many students remain on college campus each weekend!

NEW IN THIS EDITION—AND ONLY IN "CASS & BIRNBAUM"

Responding to today's economic needs, the *Cass & Birnbaum Comparative Guide* now gives vastly expanded data on many schools' new vocational/professional training programs—*and on the careers that the graduates of a college actually follow.* This section tells what percentage of graduates go on to professional schools—and the specific schools they are likely to attend. It identifies the undergraduate institutions that have recently produced the largest number of medical, dental and law school acceptances—and the 200 colleges and universities whose graduates have been most successful in business.

This new Graduates Career Data section—which many readers will feel is alone worth the price of the book—is just one of the features that make *Cass & Birnbaum's Comparative Guide* unique in its up-to-date consumer focus. But the best test will be your own. Send for a copy and look up the specific schools you are considering. Check the full range of data against the college catalogues and brochures that leave so many questions unanswered. If you don't feel that *Cass & Birnbaum's Comparative Guide* is the one college-choosing reference you must have, simply return your copy for a full refund.



POINTS OF COMPARISON	CASS & BIRNBAUM	LOVEJOY'S	BARRON'S
Provides full, substantial entry on college and campus life	✓		✓
Gives percentage of applicants accepted and enrolled in the preceding year	✓		
Includes information from college deans and student leaders	✓		
Has full coverage of admission standards, SAT levels	✓		✓
Gives student body breakdown, **including** racial and religious percentages	✓		
Tells what percentage of faculty holds doctoral degree	✓		✓
Includes all **unaccredited** 4-year and 2-year institutions		✓	
Lists intercollegiate and intramural sports on campus			✓
Includes most recent percentages of degrees awarded in each major field of study	✓		
Offers hard information on graduate "success" with law and medical school admissions and business management achievement	✓		

MAIL NOW • MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

To your bookstore or

Harper & Row, Mail Order Dept. 4926 A
10 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me _____ copies of the paperback edition of *Cass & Birnbaum's Comparative Guide* at $8.95 each, plus 75¢ per copy postage and handling and applicable sales tax. I enclose ☐ check ☐ money order in the amount of $_____. If not satisfied, I may return the book(s) within 10 days for a full refund.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hell's Kitchen who makes good here, and it rather casts a pall over Morgan's championship of the meritocracy.

In these instances and elsewhere—particularly in his recurring and routine denunciations of Richard Nixon, of the history of American anti-communism, of America's involvement in Vietnam, and of the chicanery of the business community—Morgan seems to have borrowed his attitudes and assumptions wholesale from shopworn conventional wisdom, making jejune and facile pronouncements on matters of weight and controversy. Perhaps because Morgan seems not really to have come to terms with his own occasionally contradictory readings of the American experience, his book lacks the consistent focus that would have given it thematic energy and coherence. Still, the constantly changing point of view has its virtues because every time intellectual vulgarity or political tendentiousness threatens, the perspective shifts, and catastrophe is averted. On the whole, *On Becoming American* is so lively and textured a production that one winds up regretting rather than scorning its shortcomings. ◉

Servicing the Army

Captain Pantoja and the Special Service
by Mario Vargas Llosa
Translated by Gregory Kolovakos and Ronald Christ
Harper & Row, 288 pp., $10

Reviewed by Emile Capouya

LET'S IMAGINE that the army of a modern nation tries to do something about a real trouble that arises because large numbers of men—mostly idle and mostly bored to death—are kept in army camps and barracks. And it shouldn't be hard to imagine. All armies do make arrangements of one kind or another to deal with the trouble. At very least, arrangements are allowed to happen. Inevitably, they are not very nice. But what can one do? Recent advances in the art of war have revived the tradition of the Amazons, but only slenderly; what the advances usually amount to is a small corps of uniformed young women behind typewriters. By and large, the men under arms are deprived of the company of half the human race.

Now, this aspect of national defense is perhaps the only one that is never the subject of public discussion. The budget for the armed forces, the resulting contracts and who gets them, the use of troops as an instrument of diplomacy—these matters and a dozen more are briskly debated. But not the monosexual character of armies and the social consequences that follow. Why not? Well, defense (as we now call war) is assumed to be essential. And even in this cynical age, under certain circumstances it is widely regarded as praiseworthy. But suppose that one half of the human race—mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters, daughters—came to understand that a necessary feature of the whole show is prostitution. (They know it, but they have not been forced to think about what it might mean to them.) Then the show might appear less than praiseworthy and perhaps not really essential. When they heard "negotiating from a position of strength," they would think, "prostitution." When they heard "our vital national interests," they would think, "prostitution." When they heard anything remotely connected with the army, navy, air force, or marines, that contrary half of mankind—all over the world—would think only, "prostitution." We need not dwell on the chaos that would ensue.

Mario Vargas Llosa is a substantial Peruvian novelist whose reputation extends throughout the Spanish-speaking world—and beyond it. *Captain Pantoja and the Special Service* is the fourth novel of his to be published in English. He has the immense merit in his new book of having invented an ideal subject for satire—that feature of armies that is never the object of public concern.

The Peruvian Army assigns an obscure captain to organize a corps of prostitutes that will minister to the health and morale of the troops and prevent the regrettable incidents that occur when those matters are not properly attended to. Captain Pantaleón Pantoja is ideal for the job. He adores the army. He is a glutton for work. He is one of those practical mystics whose devotions take the form of drawing up reports, flow charts, and graphs. Best of all, he is timid and puritanical; since his assignment is distressing to him, he will offer it up as a mortification for the greater glory of God and country.

The story has contrapuntal themes, but the soul of this military music is the detailed account of the organization of the Corps of Specialists—recruitment, training, deployment—and of the immediate success of the operation, to the point that the navy and air force are clamoring for Pantoja's Specialists too. Given the interservice rivalries with which all civilized nations are familiar, that would seem to be the ultimate accolade. The conception of the project was excellent; the execution, masterly. Obviously a case of the right man in the right place. Captain Pantoja's promotion jacket, one must suppose, is bulging with the notations that mean advancement.

But there is such a thing as being too successful. Resentment and pique spring up among the civilians. Why should those beggarly troopers enjoy, at public expense, the ministrations of the Specialists, while the sovereign people are denied them? And at last, some half-dozen bold blades, led by the mayor of a provincial town, arrange to ambush a detachment of Specialists and get some return for their tax dollars. The business turns out badly, going beyond rape to the accidental death of one of the Specialists. The captors are now in a bad position, so they try to create evidence that will lay the blame for the apparent murder on the members of an ecstatic religious sect whose rites center around crucifixion: They crucify the corpse of the unfortunate young woman.

The author's point, of course, is that ministering to the sexual needs of soldiers in as clean and as scientific a fashion as can be imagined leads to rape and murder. It's a good point. In this case it brings about Captain Pantoja's downfall. There is a public outcry over the existence of the Corps of Specialists, and Pantoja is made the fall guy by his superiors. They dissolve the corps, reprimand him severely, and ship him to a post in the boondocks. He still adores the army: That sounds just like life.

The languages of man were not devised as translations of one another, but have a largely independent existence. The able translators of this novel, Gregory Kolovakos and Ronald Christ, have had to bestir themselves to find appropriate American equivalents for the risqué, the scabrous, and the obscene expressions and notions that Vargas Llosa has set down in his own tongue. On the whole, they have acquitted themselves very well. What they could not do was to translate the ethos, the state of soul of the Peruvian writer, with regard to these somewhat delicate concerns so as to make them fully intelligible

Emile Capouya was formerly literary editor of The Nation. *He teaches English at Baruch College, the City University of New York.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to a North American audience. Perhaps sexual attitudes are among the wines that do not travel and must be appreciated, if at all, in their country of origin. That is, just as the foreign reader probably misses the local allusions that must be the very stuff of a work of this kind, he probably misunderstands in some essential way what the sexual attitudes the author evokes must mean in their own cultural context. It has to be so, or else we must assume—as we have no warrant for assuming—that Vargas Llosa has made a dreadful mistake. For he is original, lively, and ingenious, but in spite of his obvious talents, this novel in its English dress must strike the reader as a minute catalog of dreary smut. ◉

A Craving for Reality: Andrei Voznesensky in America

by William Jay Smith

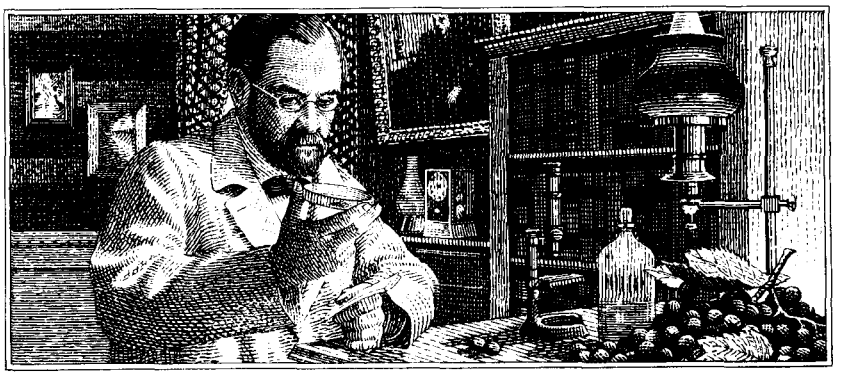
ANDREI VOZNESENSKY, the popular and immensely gifted Russian poet, spent two months last fall in the United States—the first part of his visit as a guest of the Kennan Institute in Washington and the second, on a reading tour that took him to every part of the country. He read his poems to large, enthusiastic audiences at colleges, universities, and poetry centers. One rainy afternoon, with poet Allen Ginsberg, he read to commuters on the Staten Island Ferry. He was introduced at the Library of Congress by his friend Senator Edward Kennedy and by Arthur Miller, another friend, at the Young Men's Hebrew Association Poetry Center, in New York. New Orleans made him an honorary citizen; the mayor of San Francisco gave him the key to the city; and in Tallahassee, the secretary of state of Florida presented him with the state flag. In one of his poems, translated by W. H. Auden, Voznesensky writes:

Voznesensky may one day be graven
In cold stone but, meanwhile, may
I find haven
On your warm cheek as *Andrei*.

It is this personal warmth and unusual vi-

William Jay Smith, poet, critic, and translator, has published many volumes of poetry for both adults and children.

Fermentation: The miracle that turns the juice of the grape into wine.



Although it is an oft-proclaimed truth that fine wine is a living growing thing, nowhere is this more evident than during that critical, and still somewhat mysterious, process called fermentation.

Yeast: The Catalyst

It is possible that a quantity of fine grapes crushed and left to themselves in an open container will, in time, ferment and yield an acceptable wine.

It is probable, however, that these same grapes will yield a wine not so pleasant.

Which it will become depends on the vagaries of simple, one-celled plants called yeasts which are found naturally in the bloom on the skins of grapes.

A Louis Pasteur Discovery

Until 1864, wine-making was a matter of uncertainty. But then Louis Pasteur discovered that these yeasts were, indeed, the agents that caused fermentation.

Equally important, he discovered that specific strains with desirable characteristics could be isolated and substituted for the wild yeast in the wine-making process, a major step toward predictable excellence.

Today, our winemakers are devoted to the study of yeasts and to their improvement. Because no one yeast works equally well in every case, we are constantly striving to isolate the ideal yeast for the different varieties of wines.

This development of the specific yeast which maximizes a grape's natural flavor potential is a primary study we have pursued for years.

To achieve a wine of predictable excellence year after year, we developed the first successful dehydration of pure wine yeast. The dehydrated form maintains the consistent purity from year to year and provides us with a "cleaner" wine that is truer in flavor and fragrance to the grape.

Some Like It Cold

During fermentation, heat is created. If we permit the fermenting juice or "must" to attain a temperature of only ninety degrees, the yeast can be injured. At one-hundred degrees, most yeast will die.

Over the years, we have developed precise cooling methods for keeping the fermenting liquid at the optimum lower temperature. This varies from grape to grape. For example, the Sauvignon Blanc, French Colombard, Chenin Blanc, Riesling or Chardonnay we use for our white wines are far more delicate and sensitive to temperature than their more robust red cousins.

We determined that fermenting them at a cooler temperature slows the change from juice to wine and protects the delicacy of the resultant wine.

In this cooled state, the juice can ferment as long as fourteen days rather than three or four.

The Test Fermentation

Knowing the precise moment to draw the wine is a combination of the skill and art of our winemakers.

In some cases we actually take grape samples a few days before harvest and, on a small scale, proceed with fermentation. This gives us a preview of what to expect, and, we then make whatever adjustments necessary to produce the most consistently excellent wine.

The Reason For All This Care

It is only by utilizing all the skills gained in many years of work and study that we can achieve our intent: to bring you the finest wines that we, or anyone else, can provide.

Ernest & Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tality that communicated itself to readers and listeners wherever he went.

I met Andrei over 10 years ago, when I helped translate his poems for *Antiworlds* (first published in 1966) and read my translations with him when he came to the United States at that time. I saw him in Moscow in 1970 and read with him again on his last reading tour here, in 1971. When I met him in October, at Kennedy Airport, he was carrying in his arms what I took to be a huge autumn bouquet for Vera Sandomirsky Dunham, professor of Russian literature at Queens College, who was to be his hostess and mine at Port Jefferson, Long Island, for the next two days. I soon discovered that he had brought some branches of mountain ash (rowan) that he had picked near Boris Pasternak's house, at Peredelkino, in Moscow, to place on Robert Lowell's grave. I explained that it might not be so easy to get those bright-orange berries to Lowell's grave, since it was in a family graveyard in New Hampshire and I was not sure Andrei would be able to find it. It might also be difficult—because of the Columbus Day weekend—to arrange for someone to drive him there from Boston. But the following day, after much telephoning, I located Frank Bidart, who kindly agreed to pick Andrei up at Boston's Logan Airport and drive him to Dumbarton, New Hampshire.

Two Poems

by Andrei Voznesensky

Nostalgia for the Present

I don't know about the rest of you,
but I feel the cruellest
nostalgia—not for the past—
but nostalgia for the present.

A novice desires to approach the Lord
but is permitted only to do so by her Superior.
I beg to be joined, without intermediary,
to the present.

It's as if I had done something wrong
Not I even—but others.
I fall down in a field and feel
nostalgia for the living earth.

When I hear the nasty tirades
of a friend who has taken a false step,
I don't look for what he seems to be,
I grieve for what he really is.

A window opening on a garden
will not redeem loneliness.
I long not for art—I choke
on my craving for reality.

And when the Mafia laughs in my face
idiotically, I say:
"Idiots are all in the past. The present
calls for fuller understanding."

Black water spurts from the faucet,
Brackish water, stale water,
rusty water flows from the faucet—I'll wait
for the real water to come.

Whatever is past is past. So much the better.
But I bite at it as at a mystery,
nostalgia for the impending
present.
And I'll never catch hold of it.

—TRANSLATED BY VERA DUNHAM AND H. W. TJALSMA

Do Not Forget

Somewhere a man puts on his shorts,
his blue-striped T-shirt,
his blue jeans;
a man puts on
his jacket on which there is a button
reading COUNTRY FIRST,
and over the jacket, his topcoat.

Over the topcoat,
after dusting it off, he puts on his automobile,
and over that he puts on his garage
(just big enough for his car),
over that his apartment courtyard
and then he belts himself with the courtyard wall.
Then he puts on his wife
and after her the next one
and then the next one;
and over that he puts on his subdivision
and over that his county
and like a knight he then buckles on
the borders of his country;
and with his head swaying,
puts on the whole globe.

Then he dons the black cosmos
and buttons himself up with the stars.
He slings the Milky Way over one shoulder,
and after that some secret beyond.

He looks around:
Suddenly
in the vicinity of the constellation Libra
he recalls that he has forgotten his watch.

Somewhere it must be ticking
(all by itself).
The man takes off the countries,
the sea,
the oceans,
the automobile, and the topcoat.
He is nothing without Time.

Naked he stands on his balcony
and shouts to the passers-by:
"For God's sake, do not forget your watch!"

—TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM JAY SMITH AND VERA DUNHAM

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They arrived at nightfall, found the grave, and in the inn where they spent the night, Andrei composed an elegy to Lowell, which he read in my translation (completed on the plane to Washington) the next evening, at the Library of Congress. This whole operation—together with the large, modern altar candles that a Moscow sculptor friend had designed for Andrei and that he placed on black wooden platforms on the stage—might on the surface seem excessive, but it was all redeemed by the genuine quality of the poem. In it, he remembered Lowell as he had last seen him, in May, when Lowell visited Moscow in the company of a group of American writers headed by Norman Cousins and including William Styron, Elizabeth Hardwick, Edward Albee, Nathan Scott, and Vera Dunham:

At Peredelkino you passed through the gate;
Your head to one side, your cheek on your
shoulder tight
As on a violin held somehow out of sight;
I listen now, but it is there no more.

How is it, Robert, there in your wild land;
Within us we all bear our family graves.

All Voznesensky's poetry is a search for the genuine, and it is the genuine in "Family Graveyard" that makes it a memorable elegy.

Andrei's new collection of poems, which Doubleday will bring out this summer, is *Nostalgia for the Present*, and the word "present" in the Russian original has a double meaning. It means the "present" in time and also that which is real:

I long not for art—I choke
on my craving for reality.

Andrei's platform stance as he reads his poems has now become familiar throughout the world. He stands with his feet spread apart, like a boxer ready to dance in on his opponent, his wide gaze directed upward, his nose tilted back, eyes fixed on something far off in space, his right hand raised, thumb slightly extended as if hailing some heavenly bus. With this stance, as the Hungarian poet Sandor Weöres said, Andrei Voznesensky is attempting to enlarge the scope of poetry. In his reading, Andrei sketches a kind of verbal parabola, beginning quietly, building up and ballooning out, then descending until at times the last few words are spoken separately in a staccato fashion, almost whispered into the microphone. Once when I was reading with him at Columbia University recently, a parabolic gesture almost got him into trouble. He swept his hand back behind him at one point, and he struck a wobbly wooden screen that looked as if it had been part of the set of a Tennessee Williams play. The screen fell back against the curtain, but Andrei, undismayed, gracefully and quietly moved his microphone away from the screen and to the center of the stage while I was reading the next translation.

"Here, at least," W. H. Auden once

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for free booklet W-91. Vantage Press, 516 W. 34 St., New York 10001

PERFECT BOOKMARK

Hidden spring mechanism ingeniously holds each page back as you read. Gift boxed. Only $3.50 each, postpaid. Send check or money order to Pentalic Corp., 132 W. 22nd St., New York, N.Y. 10011. Also sold at better book and gift stores.

WRITE FOR PROFIT!

National publications on the look-out for fresh, new writing talent-your chance to cash in on the hidden ability *you know you have!*

My step-by-step cassettes tell you how to turn simple paragraphs into full-length articles that SELL! Learn a proven technique from a top "pro"... start making money; recognition you've dreamed of! For FREE information, write: WRITER'S WORKSHOP, 412 S. Lyon St., P.O. Box 10300-MKG, Santa Ana, CA 92711

Four kinds of serendipity... are among the many fascinating topics dealt with by a distinguished neurologist in this dynamic, anecdotal look at the human side of medical research.

CHASE, CHANCE, AND CREATIVITY
James H. Austin
$12.95 at bookstores or direct from
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Address for orders: 136 South Broadway, Irvington, New York 10533

"What does a soldier do when he has fought throughout eternity for peace and found it at last?"

If you're tired of cliches - and of people (especially authors) telling you what to do - how to act - what to think - how to dress - where to go - then you'll appreciate this book which is a simple conversation between you and the author about things that matter. Jae Jah Noh, native American, will awaken you to the at-one-ment of all life. Jae Jah Noh had a mystical experience: ("I was privy to an almost cosmic sense of the incredibleness of the world and myself.") Following this experience, he felt a need to communicate his newfound "cosmic consciousness." From beyond the scope of good, evil; ugly, beautiful, he talks to you about freedom, power, meditation, tragedy, communion with truth. He asks simply,

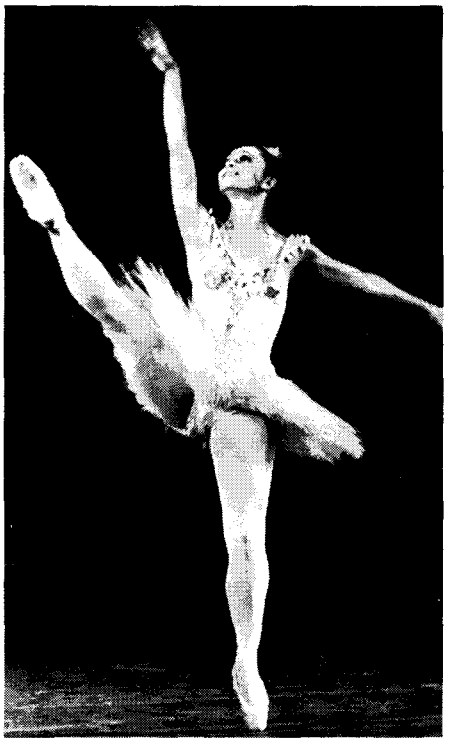
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

a conversation between **JAE JAH NOH** *and you*

A powerful message from a mystic that will excite you and give you great optimism for the future of mankind. A quality Quest book. 159 pages. $3.95

Quest books are published to help people in their search for life's meaning.
At bookstores or from Quest Books, Dept. SR
306 W. Geneva Rd. Wheaton, Ill. 60187

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Going to the ballet in the Kremlin is a dazzling experience – but it helps if you've had training as a cosmonaut or a football player beforehand."

So writes David Willis about his adventures attending a performance of the Bolshoi Ballet – along with 5,999 other ballet-goers.

Willis is the Moscow Bureau Chief for The Christian Science Monitor. And he knows that year in, year out, the Soviet Union is one of the world's biggest stories. But he also feels that articles giving readers an insight into Soviet daily life are often as valuable as the inevitable pieces on strategic arms and politics.

His coverage helps make the Monitor what it is, a daily world newspaper read and valued wherever people seek excellence in print.

You can gain new insights with the Monitor Monday through Friday. Try an introductory 13-week subscription for $12.50. Simply call toll-free 800-225-7090 (in Mass., call collect, 617-262-2300). Or write: THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR®
Box 125, Astor Station
Boston, MA, U.S.A. 02123

wrote of Voznesensky, "is a poet who knows that whatever else it may be, a poem is a verbal artifact which must be as skillfully and solidly constructed as a table or a motorcycle." It is this sense of craft that always makes it a pleasure for another poet to work with Andrei Voznesensky and to attempt to put his works into English, while respecting the poems' firm, and frequently elegant, construction as verbal artifacts. Though I know only a bit of Russian (my own recent translations have been done with Vera Dunham, whose native language is Russian and who knows English well and has a profound knowledge of poetry in both languages), I am now familiar enough with his work and his cast of mind that I have been able on occasion to work with him alone. At such times, my drafts of the translations are covered with Andrei's drawings—often rather surrealist and comic ones—reminding me that he began as a student of architecture and possesses a highly developed visual sense.

On the evening of his arrival, after a superb dinner at the Dunhams' beginning with mussels that Vera had gathered herself, the three of us worked together. Andrei had had no sleep on the plane, but he was still not ready for bed and wanted to start working on the program for his reading at the Library of Congress. Some translations of the new poems had already been admirably done by Vera and H. W. Tjalsma, but Vera, Andrei, and I worked on the remaining ones for the next four hours. The translation of "Do Not Forget," which has been one of the most popular with his audiences, was done in about 20 minutes. The image in this poem of the man caught in outer space without his watch was so immediately clear and direct that the words in English fell easily into place.

I asked Andrei toward the end of his tour how it differed from his past ones. "When I came before, I was like a rock and roll star," he said. "I read poems like 'Goya' and 'Moscow Bells' that were perhaps more dramatic than my recent work. My new poems are more delicate maybe, but I was happy that my audiences liked them too." The audiences themselves seemed to him more serious and more conservative than they had been six years ago. Or was it, I wondered, that the poet himself was more mature, probing farther beneath the surface in his search for reality. If so, he had in the process of maturing lost none of the exuberance, humor, and vitality that make him one of the world's finest poets as well as one of the most enjoyable. ◉

HARVEST MOON!
BONFIRES!
FOOTBALL!

Have a ball with Thomas H. Middleton's newest crop:

SIMON AND SCHUSTER'S

CROSTICS 78

Picked, packed and ready for a bushel of fun. Crisp, fresh teasers from the vines of America's famous literary puzzles.

Fill in and mail the coupon below; your choice(s) will soon be on their way to you.

To Your Bookseller, or
SATURDAY REVIEW
Dept. JS
1290 Sixth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me _____ copy (copies) of Simon and Schuster CROSTICS 78 (23021). I enclose $2.95 per copy, plus applicable sales tax, plus 50c for handling and postage. Add 10c postage for each additional copy.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I missed the previous collections. Please also send

☐ CROSTICS 77 (22781) $2.95
☐ CROSTICS 76 (22392) $2.95

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

The Ringmaster
by Darryl Ponicsan
Delacorte, 307 pp., $8.95

Darryl Ponicsan's novels are well-tempered mosaics inlaid with fragmented dreams and with dreamers whose hungry pursuit of providence ultimately leads them to Rhode Island. Such are his protagonists: military police who willingly aid their prisoner in his escape (*The Last Detail*), a lovesick seaman who loses his heart to a prostitute (*Cinderella Liberty*)—perennial clunks who court storm clouds when the rainbow is within arm's reach.

The ringmaster of the title of Ponicsan's fourth novel is Captain Rex Starback, a similar victim and former lion tamer whose inexpedient retirement from the Sullivan Brothers Circus is facilitated by a big cat's removal of a portion of Starback's posterior. Ten years later, he rejoins the circus and finds that little has changed. The dilapidated caravan of also-rans still scours the same backwater hamlets; it is a hand-to-mouth existence supported only by blind luck and the ever-fluctuating equilibrium of the human spirit. But the circus is where Starback has left flesh and blood—literally—and before long, he again succumbs to its necromantic charms.

Ponicsan's sketch of the microcosm is both suffocating and enticing, a three-ring melee that launches subplots as rapidly as a machine turns out popcorn. Unfortunately, they are stale kernels that never satiate one's interest. Though the performers' argot may be as intoxicating as the calliope's lure,the performers themselves flex inchoate emotions that become flaccid exercises in futility.

—ROBERT STEPHEN SPITZ

Commissioner: A View from the Top of American Law Enforcement
by Patrick V. Murphy and Thomas Plate
Simon & Schuster, 270 pp., $9.95

Anyone who thinks that the citizen has been getting his tax dollars' worth in crime protection over the past few decades or that the FBI has been selecting the toughest cases to crack is in for a jolt if he reads *Commissioner: A View from the Top of American Law Enforcement*. Happily, this withering analysis of what's wrong with the American police system is complemented by some eminently sensible suggestions

You choose your hotel with the same panache as you do your classic motor car.

We designed The Stanford Court for you.

Photographed at the Stanford Court

The STANFORD COURT
A Hotel on San Francisco's Nob Hill

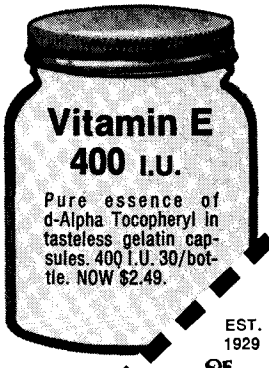
For people who understand the subtle differences.

For reservations anywhere in the U.S. except California call toll free (800) 227-4736.
In San Francisco call (415) 989-3500. Elsewhere in California call toll free (800) 622-0957.
Member of Hotel Representative, Inc. and Preferred Hotels Association.

Get Acquainted Offer of Natural Vitamins

FREE Take a 30 Day Supply

Yes! Get any one natural vitamin from Nature Food Centres ABSOLUTELY FREE. Join over one million thrifty American families who buy their vitamins direct from NFC. Every product fresh, pure, of the highest quality—delivered to your door and sold on a 30-day money-back guarantee. Mail coupon to enjoy the biggest vitamin bargain in America during our Get Acquainted Sale!



EST. 1929
NATURE'S FOOD CENTRES

OR TAKE FREE CHOICE OF:

ACEROLA-C 100 Mg.
Acerola-C. Natural vitamin C from most potent source—Acerola berry. 5000% more concentrated than orange juice. 100/bottle. NOW $1.95.

FORMULA TM
Formula TM. The same formula, same potency, and the same size as nationally advertised Squibb's Theragran-M but at a much lower price. 30/bottle. NOW $1.79.

STRESS-PLEX
Stress-Plex. Combines B Complex with Vitamin C for proper balance of essential vitamins you may need if daily pressures are getting you down. 30/bottle. NOW $1.49.

© 1977 NFC

☐ Check For FREE MONEY-SAVING CATALOG (Included with any order)

Dept. SR028
One Nature's Way
Wilmington, Mass. 01887

YES . . . I want to get acquainted with NFC Natural Vitamins. Rush 30 day supply of the vitamin I've checked (LIMIT: One bottle)—absolutely FREE and without obligation. I've enclosed 25¢ to partially cover handling and shipping.

CHECK ONLY ONE VITAMIN:
☐ E-400 I.U., #113023. ☐ STRESS-PLEX, #201346.
☐ C-100 Mg., #111928. ☐ FORMULA TM, #114271.

PRINT NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about how the system can be improved.

The most dramatic of these pages cover Murphy's experiences as New York City's police commissioner (1970–1973). He came to the job at a time of crisis—crime on the upsurge, police morale and public confidence shaken by the revelations of police corruption made by Serpico and the Knapp Commission—but, undaunted, he implemented a thoroughgoing reform program whose success was predicated on his ability to establish his independence from City Hall (where Mayor John Lindsay's "dense ambiguity" constituted a problem all its own). With the aid of anecdote, the authors graphically describe how Murphy handled people, problems, and sudden crises (of which the theft from police custody of a vast quantity of heroin was the most sensational).

Murphy's discussion, however, like his career as a top law enforcer, ranges across the nation. He reserves his heaviest fire for incompetent and/or corrupt police chiefs and especially for Hoover's FBI, which in Murphy's view is an obstacle to good law enforcement. On the positive side, he advocates regional police consolidation, strict senior officer accountability, neighborhood policing, and not more cops but better managed ones. Significantly, he lays greater stress on reducing police corruption than on catching the dons of organized crime.

The authors' prose gives the reader a bumpy ride at times, but it hardly matters—the book is engrossing.

—PETER GARDNER

The Second Ring of Power
by Carlos Castaneda
Simon & Schuster, 316 pp., $9.95

Reading this fifth book of Carlos Castaneda's, I felt like the man going to St. Ives. Don Juan has gone by, leaving a band of apprentice sorceresses and their magical cats and kits to multiply his teachings. The dusty magus, now only remembered, gave earlier Castaneda books a personality and an interest absent here. In *The Second Ring of Power* we have only the residue of myth, odds and ends of folklore that suggest Castaneda has finally run out of material.

The first half is assault. With crones being transformed into maidens, the mesa is crowded with sorceresses. The dumb *americano* Castaneda makes himself has to fight off alien forces—a preternatural dog, a whorled floor, bad winds—and dangerous seductions. But these events are no separate reality, not even metaphor—just the scary stuff of Mexican Gothic. The rest is recitation. Castaneda learns about the allies; the luminous egg (man); the "nagual" (or double); and applied dreaming, which is the second ring of power. A method of perception becomes eschatology when he finds that sorcerers never die.

As journalism, *The Second Ring of Power* is mind-mush. It is anecdotal anthropology and monochromatic drug vision. As religious teaching, it is repetitive and banal. As fiction—which is how I've come to read Castaneda—it is mute.

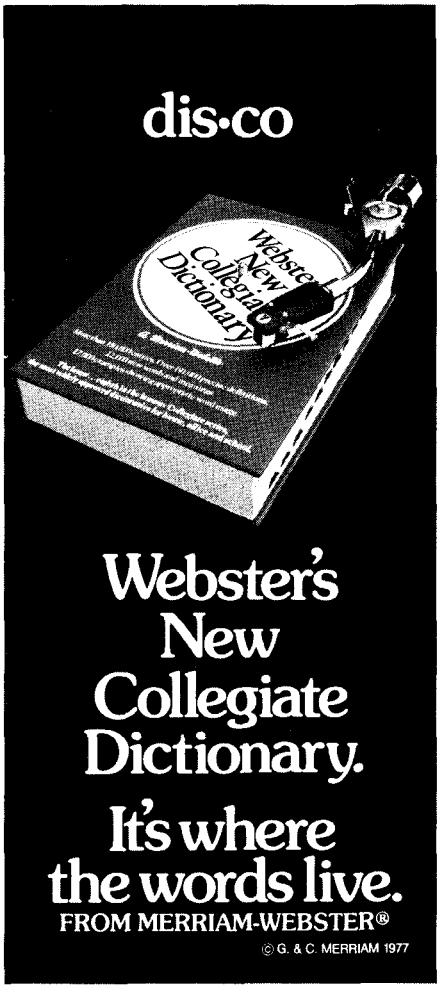
—THOMAS LECLAIR

Letters from the Field 1925–1975
by Margaret Mead
Harper & Row, 343 pp., $12.95

If letters should informally disclose their author's life and thought, Margaret Mead's letters from the field should be prized. For they do this and more: They chart the growth of anthropology, the shifting relationships between undeveloped and advanced societies, and the waning of tribal life. Her first letters, written from Samoa, in 1925, convey wide-eyed curiosity in a lucid language of sights and sounds and even measure the distinctive strangeness of the place with a discovery about the senses: Samoans, unlike modern Americans, depend more on taste and smell than on seeing and hearing. This spirit of novelty and keen responsiveness to cultural detail never leaves Mead's letters; nor does the transparent, descriptive prose that lets the reader see what Mead sees; nor does her affection for the tribal cultures.

But Margaret Mead does change, along with the cultures she studies. Like anthropology itself, her observations grow more comprehensive and analytic as she learns to look beyond the sights and sounds of rituals, manners, and emotional incidents to the social structures and psychological patterns they signify; and she smiles at the naïveté of her early work. Then, with new methods of study and with the passing of years, the letters reflect the gradual transformation of primitive societies as they come under Western influence: Custom and superstition yield to education, rationality, and worldly worry. And, as she steeps herself in the evidence and meaning of these changes, Mead assumes the character we all know: less the scientist than the sage—alive with ideas, facts, and feelings about how to remember the modern world's discontents.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN



MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
SIX WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Name (please print)

New Address Apt. No.

City

State Zip

ATTACH MAGAZINE LABEL HERE

Attach magazine label above for address change—or any inquiry about your subscription—and mail to SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340. Or call Toll Free (800)247-5470.

TO SUBSCRIBE CHECK BELOW
AND FILL IN NAME AND ADDRESS ABOVE.

☐ Send me 1 year of SATURDAY REVIEW for $16.00. Outside U.S. add $3.00

Saturday Review

For information about editorial or advertising content, please write to SATURDAY REVIEW, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

J8AM

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

50 PIECE SET... PISTOL-HANDLED FLATWARE OF 1776 ...*Beautifully reproduced in stainless steel with the satin-finish look of antique pewter.*

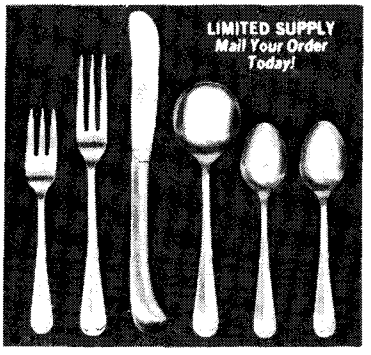
NOT $44.95! NOT $34.95! ONLY $22.95!

Your home can reflect the candlelight appeal and gracious atmosphere of Early American Colonial elegance when you grace your table with this incredibly beautiful service. Through a special purchase, we can offer you the famous Pistol-Handled Flatware with all its stunning Colonial simplicity in magnificent, satin finish stainless steel at just a fraction of what you would pay for luxurious Sterling Silver. Each and every piece is a lovely replica of the graceful place settings that highlighted many a candlelit Colonial dinner. The knives are the genuine hollow pistol grip handles; the forks are the graceful 3-tined design. And the entire 50-Piece Set is made of modern stainless steel, to give you years of carefree service.

LIMITED SUPPLY AVAILABLE AT THIS VERY SPECIAL LOW, LOW PRICE

Don't be disappointed! Take advantage of this amazing low price while our supplies last. Order now and we'll send you the complete service for 8 including 8 Pistol Grip Hollow Handle Knives; 8 Dinner Forks; 8 Salad Forks; 8 Soup Spoons; 16 Teaspoons PLUS a SPECIAL FREE GIFT of a matching Butter Knife and Sugar Spoon—50 pieces in all. The entire set is yours for just $22.95 on full money back guarantee if you are not absolutely delighted. But don't delay. Due to the rising cost of quality stainless steel, the price of this set will be increased in the very near future. Take advantage of our truly low price while current supplies last. Mail coupon today!

Complete Luxury Service For 8



CROWN-CASTLE Ltd., Dept. PGP-728
51 Bank Street, Stamford, Conn. 06901

Please send me the Stainless Steel Pistol Grip Flatware I have checked below on full Money Back Guarantee if I am not absolutely delighted.
(Please add $2.00 postage and handling with each order.)

Check Quantity Desired

☐ Service For 8	*(50-Piece Set)*	$22.95
☐ Service For 12	*(74-Piece Set)*	33.95
☐ Service For 16	*(100-Piece Set)*	44.95

☐ Enclosed is $_____

Charge my ☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge

Card No._____ Exp. Date_____

Signature_____

Name_____
(Please Print Clearly)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Conn. Residents Add 7% Sales Tax

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fine Print

Small Press Fare

by Doris Grumbach

IN LATE OCTOBER, more than 300 small press and magazine publishers pitched a tent—literally—in New York City's Bryant Park, just behind the public library, in their fourth annual New York Book Fair. They set out their wares on small tables, and the variety of books, posters, records, magazines, and broadsides assembled there was astonishing: college magazines, gay and lesbian publications, sample books from a Book Bus that travels to college campuses to sell small press books, items from a company that sells *Poetry Coloring Books for Adults*, and wares from a company that publishes large display posters entitled "Poetry in Public Places." Also represented were women's presses; chicano and black presses; able Canadian publishers like Véhicule and Harold Crooks's Alithea Press; and hundreds of one-person presses, which more often than not publish the entrepreneur's own work. One publisher, who hates what he calls editorial elitism, claimed he prints everything that is submitted to him.

Most interesting, though, was the appearance at the fair of a number of expert bookmakers who practice that fine art with their own handpresses. At the first fair, held four years ago, I saw many books and periodicals that were exhibited by ambitious and well-meaning small presses, but the volumes were poorly designed and scrappily produced. Not every small press owner who loves poetry and short fiction (small presses usually publish in these areas) has the taste or the training to bind, often by hand, high-quality paper and to use fine typography and graphics to make a beautiful book. But now we are blessed with a growing number of publishers who do have these tastes and skills—for example, Penmaen Press, owned and edited by Michael McCurdy, in Lincoln, Massachusetts. At the fair, McCurdy showed the prospectus of a handsome book that Penmaen has just published. Voltaire's *Poème sur le Désastre de Lisbon*, translated by Anthony Hecht and illustrated by Lynd Ward. It will be hand-printed and signed by Ward, Hecht, and Arthur Wilson (the author of the introduction)—only the poet's signature will be missing.

Also present was the Angelica Press (920 Broadway, New York City), at which Dennis Grastorf prints fine books, as his father and grandfather did before him. I was seduced by one work, titled *Wood Type*, that consists of a large pine box containing the history of printing with wood along with specimen pages and posters made from his grandfather's stock of wood type fonts. A large-paper, handsome production, it is understandably expensive: $135. However, Angelica Press produces other, less spectacular, but carefully executed, books: You can buy a limited edition of Swift's *A Voyage to Laputa*, with illustrations by Warren Chappell, boxed, numbered, signed, and well bound, for $30.

I mention only these two presses in detail, but I could as easily have called your attention to Toothpaste Press (West Branch, Iowa), whose recent *Hazel & Other Poems*, by John Sjoberg, I liked very much. This is a limited edition of 500 copies (which always strikes me as the proper limitation), some offered in paperback for $4, and others signed, numbered, and specially bound. The paperback is satisfying, with the attractive title page re-created on the front cover and printed on especially beautiful, heavy Ragston paper. Then, too, there are exemplary works produced by the Carpenter Press, in Pomeroy, Ohio, and the Unicorn Press, in Greensboro, North Carolina, where Alan Brilliant's scrupulously produced list this season contains a charming novel by Leo Savory called *Stonecrop*. Tastefully designed, this series of affectionate vignettes about eccentric and likable New England citizens sells for $10.

The Crossing Press (Trumansburg, New York) displayed its series of notable poetry chapbooks and small collections (see especially the moving poems in *War Story*, by Gerald McCabe). And The Unspeakable Visions of the Individual, the most colorfully titled press of all, was represented by *The Bowling Green Poems*, by beat (and then self-silenced) poet John Clellon Holmes.

Even this insufficient sampler (in a future column, I will write about other presses that publish excellent work but that weren't at the New York fair) will underscore my point: The small press movement, flourishing in this country (and in Canada), now includes the welcome presence of the art and craft of fine small presses—and that is indeed a happy addition.

In case I have led you to believe that fine small presses were the focal point of the fair, let me quickly say that the major accent was actually on publishing new writing, the kind of superior stuff that Bill Henderson includes in his second edition of *The Pushcart Prize: Best of the Small Presses* (Pushcart Press, $12.50). Henderson and his guest editors selected the most distinguished works they could find, and the size (over 500 pages) and quality of the resultant volume attest to how much good writing there is. The book starts off with a first-rate story by John Irving, "The Pension Grillparzer," and proceeds to one good piece of fiction or poetry after another. Buy it, read it, and see why the small press movement is an important, yes, *essential* adjunct to commercial publishing. Trade publishing might look to the small presses, with their concern for the book as a thing of beauty. They have displayed courage by taking chances on the avant-garde, the experimental, and the nonconformist in new writing.

Remember, Gulf & Western and other corporate conglomerates now in the catbird seat in trade publishing, the case of James Joyce and Harry Crosby's little Black Sun Press, in Paris, and take note. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 100

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 53.

D I P N F A W E P H P Z
D I P B W X D S Q X -
D V E V F C T P U P H W T -
Q D V W Z V X O U P O -
F U P M C A O P U X W Z F T
V B O Q T X P X M V X -
R Q V X P M V Z D W J U P -
P M X .

— S W X P O I J W Z U F M

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speaks your language.

Puri fisherman out for a day's catch of shrimp and lobster in the Bay of Bengal. In India, you'll find simple folk like these, and city sophisticates—and swamis. Hanging gardens, the Amber Palace, the Pink City. Fairs, festivals, elephant "taxis." Places as romantic as their names—Darjeeling, Cochin, Mahabalipuram. And amid all this exotica, the solid comforts of home. Air-conditioned hotels, credit cards (even in smaller towns), jet air service, superb cuisine. And all so inexpensive. How exhilarating can a vacation be? Find out in India—the land that speaks your language. Even if it is with an Indian accent.

India.

I feel strongly drawn to India.
Before I call my Travel Agent,
please send me your brochures.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

My Travel Agent is_____

Government of India Tourist Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine
New York, New York 10020
201 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601
3550 Wilshire Blvd. #204 L2
Los Angeles, Calif. 90010
Royal Trust Tower, Dominion Center
Toronto, Canada.

LA 11/3

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Losing is beautiful

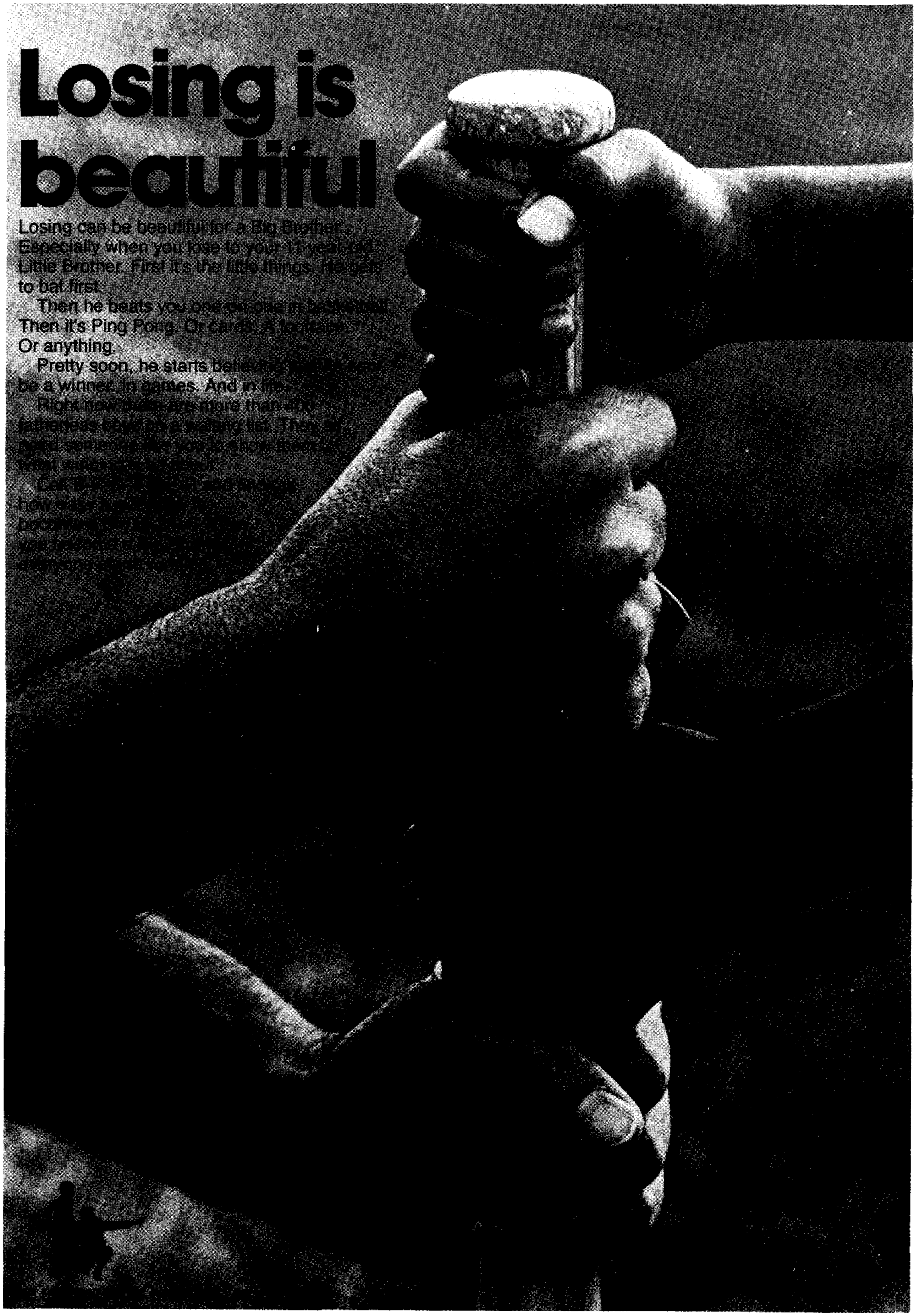
Losing can be beautiful for a Big Brother. Especially when you lose to your 11-year-old Little Brother. First it's the little things. He gets to bat first.

Then he beats you one-on-one in basketball. Then it's Ping Pong. Or cards. A footrace. Or anything.

Pretty soon, he starts believing [illegible] be a winner. In games. And in life.

Right now there are more than 400 fatherless boys on a waiting list. They all need someone like you to show them [illegible] what winning is all about.

Call [illegible] and find out how easy it is to become a Big Brother. And how much you have to gain when you lose.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

by William Cole

Down Under Down Under

We get very geographical with poet John Ower. He was born in New Zealand, grew up in Canada, and now teaches at the University of South Carolina. And the University of Georgia Press has just published his first book, *Legendary Acts*, at $7.50. He's a pleasure to read: witty, ironic, with an ability to convey the erotic. But back to geography. Here's "New Zealand" (and a New Zealand friend tells me it's right on the nose):

This paradise that never was—
It takes forever getting here
Anyhow from anywhere.
Arrived, one finds a little bit of England
From the Eisenhower age,

Yet it is very much its own place;
Like Lilliput, perhaps, with some reforms
And no standing war.

Even the big brother who made good
Is standoffish. See

The northern island lunging like a shark
That would eat its southern fellow whole.
Below, the roaring forties, and the pole.

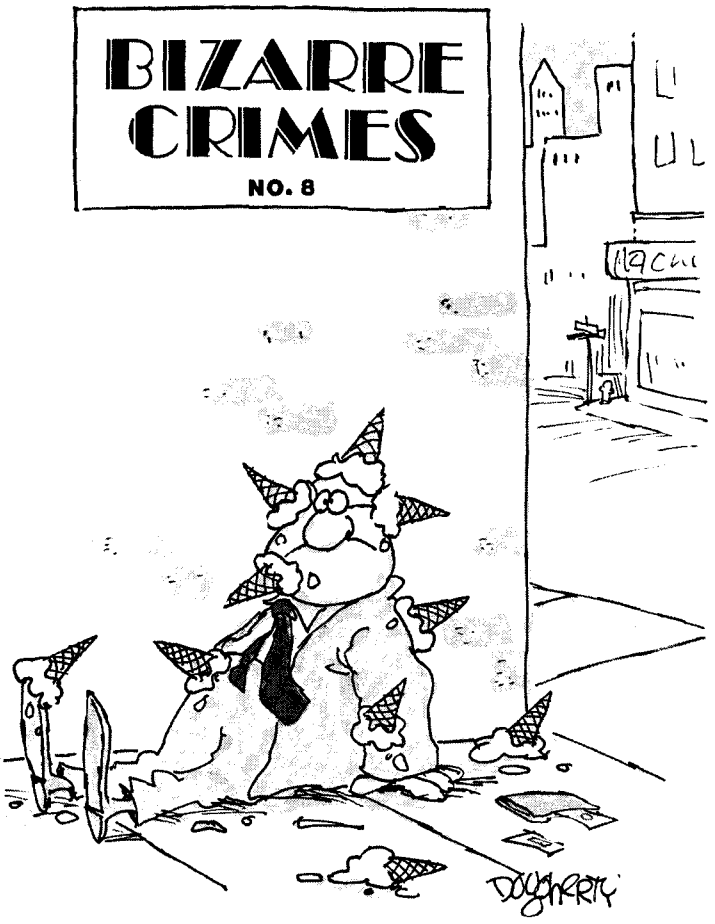
Nice Observations

There's easy, and even amusing, reading for an evening in *They Do It All with Mirrors*, a first novel by Carol White (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, February 7, $8.95). It's a tale of two foul-mouthed young career women in Chicago who pop into bed—but not with each other—at the drop of a "Let's do it." There are phrases throughout that should by now be quietly excised from the language: "the pits," "wall-to-wall," "life-style," "happy as a clam" (appears twice—tsk, tsk, editor!), and that business about not being "into" something. But there also are some nice observations:

And so I let myself get snagged by Alma's sister, who I remembered from the last party because she was overdressed in the same multicolored organza caftan and wearing the same perfume, which seemed to have a base of boiled shrimp. She reminded me of a giant fish lure.

Hands Across the Border

Canada and the United States should all be one big happy literary family, and there's a magazine to prove it: *Ontario Review*. It appears twice a year, and the current issue has poems by Canadians Irving Layton, Earle Birney, and George Woodcock, and by Americans Denise Levertov and Linda Pastan, among others. There are stories by Margaret Drabble and William Goyen and a heartbreakingly beautiful one by Lynne Sharon Schwartz about young marriage and pregnancy. A year's subscription is $5 from 6000 Riverside Drive East, Windsor, Ontario, Canada N8S 1B6. Ask for your subscription to begin with the current issue, if only for Schwartz's story.



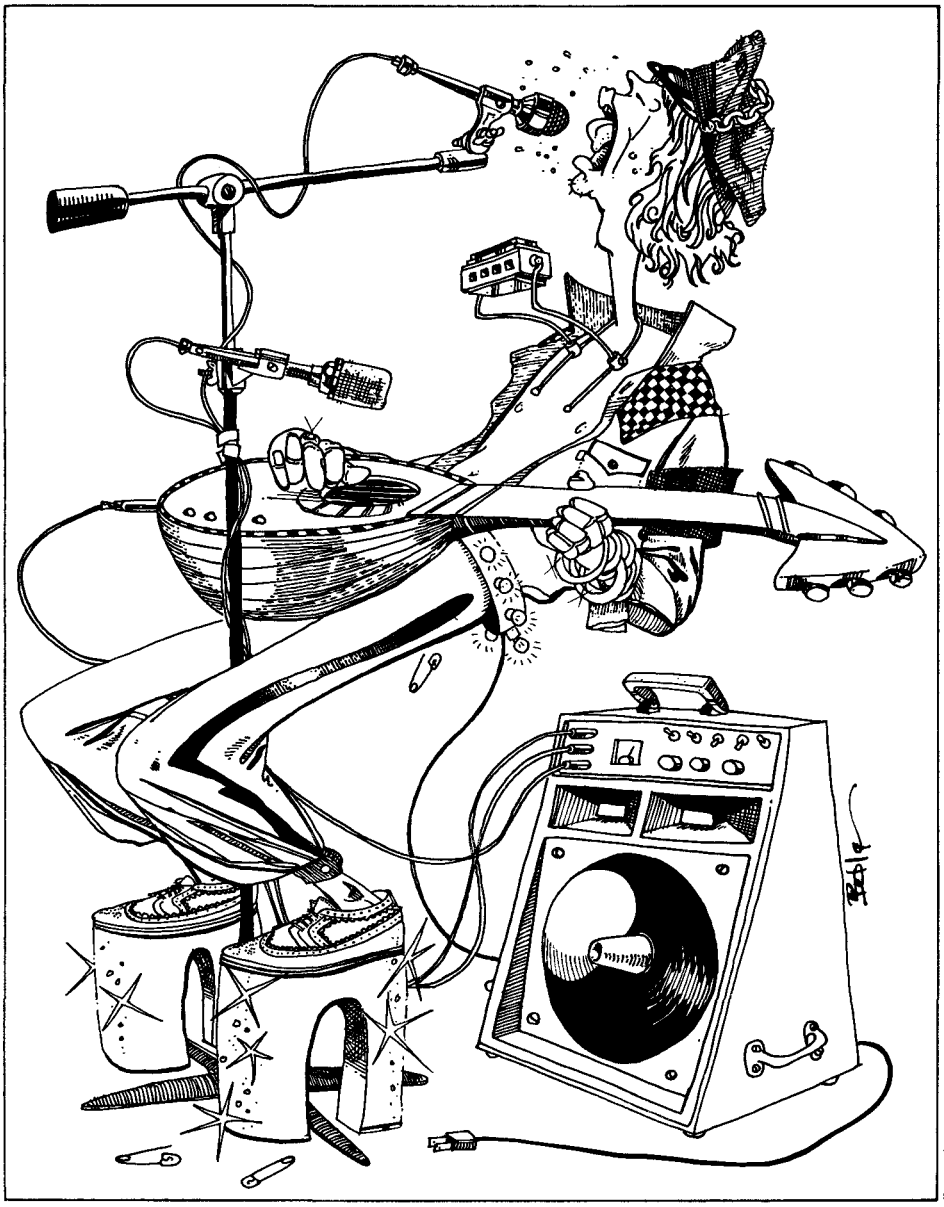
Not Always Nice People

What could be more fun than literary gossip? Donald Hall doesn't mind his book's being called that, although it is properly titled *Remembering Poets: Reminiscences and Opinions* (Harper & Row, February 27, $10). A fine poet himself, he knew Dylan Thomas, Robert Frost, T. S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound, and he writes about his meetings with them. Poets aren't always nice people; certainly Frost and Thomas weren't. Eliot, yes. Pound? Surely the most helpful friend poetry ever had, but in his later years, when Hall saw him (and interviewed him for the *Paris Review*, as he did Eliot), he was lonely, feeble, and paranoid. Thomas died young, from drink and from despair that his gift had left him. Frost was not the lovable old New Englander he pictured himself, but egomaniacal and full of self-hatred for how he had treated his family. Eliot alone had a happy end, although his middle years—with a mad wife—had been perfect misery. Hall makes a point about poets that I have often noticed: When young, there exists a great camaraderie among them; they help one another out. Later, as they become more famous, they become competitive. For example, when Frost and Roethke are receiving honorary degrees from the same university:

Frost had known Roethke before, and spoke of him tolerantly, but criticized him—of all things—for being so competitive with other poets. Perhaps it was Roethke's *style* which bothered Frost; Roethke made his competitiveness obvious with a boyish enthusiasm. (A few months after Frost's death I saw Roethke in Seattle—not long before Roethke died, as it happened. He met me as I came into a house for a party, pulled me aside, dragged yards of galley out of the pockets of his jacket, and sat me down to read *The Far Field*, saying, "I've got a book coming out that's going to drive Wilbur and Lowell *into the shadows*." This announcement was made without malice toward Wilbur or Lowell.) ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neo-disco-Hindi and Other Permutations



Frank Bolle

by Dean Havron

IT'S BEEN quite a while since I've listened to much rock and roll, and even longer since I've had a mind to read any critical reviews of the latest happenings in that seemingly burned-out field. My disaffection began with the Beatles's demise. Then came the cannibalistic defloration of the Aquarian counterculture. Finally, there was the end of college and my resigned entry into the 40-hour-a-week world of chattering office machines, polyester suits, and wrestling with expense account vouchers.

Thus it was with a fresh interest that I focused recently on a rock and roll review in *The New York Times*, brought to my attention by a friend, Oxford philosopher W. T. Snodgrass. We were intrigued in particular by one passage. Discussing one group's background, the *Times*'s erudite scribe noted that the band had recently progressed from the "rockabilly" stage to the "proto-heavy metal" plateau.

My first reaction, other than delight at the seriousness with which the topic was treated, was that apparently a lot *has* been happening in rock music since I turned off my radio. *Proto-heavy metal?* For such a classification to exist and to be tossed off so matter-of-factly in a general-circulation-newspaper article implied that the music—or its school of criticism—had attained a degree of refinement I had not been aware of.

A good start, I thought, that fleeting reference. But why stop there? It seemed to me possible to devise a rational, coherent system for classifying the various genres of the art form. Humbly, I have undertaken to develop such a framework.

I realized from the outset that for a system to be effective, it would have to: (1) be flexible enough to accommodate current distinctions as well as to anticipate future ones; (2) provide a consistent format for sequential construction; and (3) be easy to use.

It seemed like a task for no less than H. W. Fowler. Undaunted, I began perusing recent *Melody Maker* headlines and flipping through the record collection of my adolescent years, while keeping an eye on *Charlie's Angels*, which was on television at the time. By the end of the program, the schema on page 43 had taken shape.

The most basic adjectives modifying the term "rock (and roll)" are listed in column C. In this column and the others, I have tried not only to give existing classes but also to anticipate future ones as well. Thus we have "folk-rock," for instance, or in a more current vein, "punk-rock."

The words in group B are first-degree adverbial modifiers of column C adjectives. Combined with the adjectives, they may in many cases stand alone, without the superfluous terminal reference, "rock." Thus, in informal colloquies among rock critics, or in the more recondite journals of their trade, one could simply refer to, say, "punkabilly" without fear of being misunderstood (note, for example, that this particular genre would harbor adolescent country pickers with a flair for masochism

Dean Havron is a free-lance writer living in White Plains, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROCK		
A	B	C
neo-	rock(a)-	pop
proto-	punk(a)-	-billy
quasi-	pluton(a)- (i.e., heavy metal)	metal
ortho-	heavy	folk-
trans-	British	acoustic
hyper-	Rast(a)-	punk
hypo-	electro-	proton
pseudo-	galacto-	jazz-
pre-	dec(a)-	Hindi
post-	kilo-	space
intro-	meg(a)-	reggae
extro-	underground	Dada
pyro-	disco-	acid
geo-	porno-	tribal
pluto-	(apo)calypso-	gospel
plebeo-	futuro-	Motown
urban	orchestro-	blues-
sub(ex)urban	Latino-	flipper
synchro-	Anglo-	chicle (i.e., bubble gum)
soft-core	Appalachia-	lava
hard-core	Delta (Mississippi)	pub-
straight-ahead	shrimp boat	necrophilia
Neanderthal	stentorian	onomatopoeia
Precambrian	Ukrainian	
larval		

and audience abuse).

At this point, the system seemed complete, but still I felt something was lacking. A further level of refinement was needed in order to assess the *quality* of a group's approach to its music. I therefore provided a list of second-degree adverbs in column A. Let's say a punkabilly group shows some promise of becoming one of the fine (ortho-) bands of its class. But due to a lack of application, perhaps resulting from chronic glue-sniffing or other neo-pubertal trauma, its performance falls somewhat short of the ideal. The group would then fall victim, deservedly, to the label "*hypo*-punkabilly."

Similarly, suppose a group of dissatisfied Detroit soul rockers adopted elements of southern mountain music, then launched a cause célèbre fund-raising tour of the wealthy white liberal cocktail party circuit. Ergo, the "pluto-Appalachia-Motown" school would be born. Or, how would one describe a band of East Indian sitar pickers who, fed up with ragas, turn off, tune out, and cash in on the current commercial rage? Simple: "neo-disco-Hindi."

As can be seen, the permutations are as dazzling as they are virtually endless (given the system's continued development). True, there are difficulties. Which is correct, for instance: "galacto-reggae" or "Rasta-space"? I can't resolve this problem. I would only hope that in time popular usage and precedent would come to dictate the preferred form.

Also, even among today's groups there may be a particularly innovative band or two that may fall between the cracks of the schema. Yet I believe that this system has the flexibility, and above all the universality, to meet and ultimately conquer such exceptions.

Lately now, my faith in the rock and roll evolutionary process has been refreshed, and I believe once again in the music's potential for ultimate perfectibility. Enough so that one day, while paging through the annals of rock criticism, I will not be unduly surprised to read of the world's first proponents of the school of "proto-apocalypsobilly" rock. ◉

CARINTHIAN SUMMER 1978
INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL
June 29—August 29

takes place at the Church of Ossiach and in the Congress Hall of Villach (on the Venice—*Salzburg route*).

Contact in the USA
Mrs. Rosemarie Fliegel,
545 Fifth Avenue, Suite 207,
New York, N.Y. 10017,
tel. (212) 697-0656

Concerts-Operas
Literature-Workshops

Kärnten Austria

The Walking Stick

FOR MILES OF PLEASURE AND GOOD HEALTH

- Superbly hand-crafted in the U.S.A. of solid brass and genuine ash.
- Scientifically balanced (3 feet high) to help you trim and condition your body—strengthen your heart—increase your stamina.
- FREE exercise book—17 different exercises that can be done with the Walking Stick to tone-up muscles—stay fit and healthy.
- Your initials engraved—$3.50
- MC and BAC credit cards accepted.
- A beautiful lifetime gift. Only $29.50 ppd. (NJ residents add tax)

Cherry Lane Sales
45 Partridge Hill, Dept. SR
Upper Saddle River, NJ 07458

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dance

A Two-Handkerchief Smash

by Walter Terry

"TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is still in a state of shock," said Nora Kaye, executive producer of *The Turning Point*, the amazingly successful movie about life in the ballet. "Fox seemed to think that after the last balletomane had seen the movie, no one would buy another ticket. But when we opened in New York, we had long lines at the box office and had to run in two theaters. We were an instant hit in Philadelphia; we were a smash in Toronto and San Francisco; and when we took the film to Havana, Castro asked for a print to show to twenty-seven thousand young people attending a youth congress."

The Turning Point stars Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine, introduces the dazzling dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov as an actor, and features American Ballet Theatre's principals, corps, and guest stars. It tells the story of two middle-aged women who together had studied ballet, joined a company as young hopefuls, and remained close friends. One had opted for a career and had become a great ballerina; the other had chosen marriage, a family, and small-town life. Now at their turning point as they near fifty years of age, they question themselves and each other, with doubts and anger and tears, wondering whether they made the right turn in their youth. The housewife (MacLaine) is haunted by the fact that she might have become a prima ballerina if she had stuck it out. The prima ballerina (Bancroft), increasingly being replaced by young dancers and pressured toward retirement, agonizes over the end of her career in mid-life and envies the wife and mother.

Kaye, one of the great ballerinas of our era—in the Forties and Fifties she rose from corps de ballet to stardom with the American Ballet Theatre—discussed the movie with me. "The theme of the film goes beyond dance," she said. "The problem of the two women is shared by every woman who must decide between giving her life to a career and giving it to a family. Some do both, but if the career is all-consuming, it won't work out.

"I gave up the dance for Herb [Herbert Ross, director of *The Turning Point* and a world-famous film and theater director], and I have never regretted it. I must admit that when I stopped dancing, I was at the height of my career. I could even have gone on for a few more years, but I would have lost Herb." Kaye, married to Ross for 20 years, has been married before (once to Isaac Stern, the violinist), but each time, conflicting careers brought an end to the marriages. Still, she says, "there's really nothing of me in the picture."

But to friends and faithful balletomanes, the plot and several characterizations come as no surprise, for the term "dramatic ballerina" was coined to describe Nora Kaye. With the Ballet Theatre (as American Ballet Theatre was then called), she excelled in the new dramatic ballets—ballets that were not about princesses and fairies and flowers and magical birds—being choreographed by Antony Tudor, Agnes de Mille, and, subsequently, by her close friend Jerome Robbins. Kaye was a superb technician and danced her share of white swans and black swans, but she became a star overnight, in 1942, when she danced (and acted) the role of Hagar, the middle-aged, unloved heroine of Antony Tudor's *Pillar of Fire*. Her performance earned her 27 curtain calls at the Metropolitan Opera House. When she was instantly described as "the Duse of the dance," she replied, "Very flattering if people knew who the hell Duse was. Call me the Bernhardt of ballet!"

Kaye's intense interest in the drama of dance interwoven with the drama of life inspired the idea for *The Turning Point*. "It's a picture Herb and I have wanted to make for ten years," she said. "He calls me executive producer, but I'm really chief nagger." When she started nagging Ross a decade ago, they went to playwright and longtime friend Arthur Laurents, but at the time he felt he could do nothing with an idea for a ballet-oriented movie. "Over the years, we considered some scripts," said Kaye. "I remember four that were submitted. One script was very British; we would have used the Royal Ballet if we had accepted it. But we didn't. Just eight years after we had started slowly but surely working on our plan, I suddenly said to Herb, 'It's got to be filmed *now*.' Herb looked over his shoulder at me—he was busy—and said, 'Okay, call Arthur.' So I called Arthur Laurents right then and there, and Arthur said, 'Okay.' Well, Herb had the idea for the story, Arthur wrote it, Herb directed it, Herb and Arthur produced it, Fox distributed it, and I nagged."

Oldsters would describe *The Turning Point* as "a two-handkerchief movie," and indeed, some dance critics have noted a soap opera element in it. "Of course it has the soaps in it," says Kaye. "We wanted the film to have universal appeal. I personally would have liked to have had more dancing in it. It killed us to cut some dance sequences, but I've never forgotten what I learned from Ed Sullivan years ago, when I was on his show. I was dancing 'Black Swan' and rehearsing the thirty-two fouettés. Well, you know I always did them pretty well. But Ed said that they were boring. I yelled, 'But this is the big moment in the pas de deux!' He repeated, 'Boring.' We cut 'em in half. For our movie, Herb has avoided repetition by using four cameras, various lenses, all kinds of angles. So the dancing becomes exciting, something new all the time. Combine it with a story, soap and all, and you've got what we've got: a movie hit."

Actually, *The Turning Point* is a point of pride, and Kaye, however much she wanted more ballet footage, would not have included it at the expense of the story for anything in the world. Aside from the drama involving the two leading ladies, the film is both a revelation and a celebration of the dancer's life. "Being in Hollywood so much with Herb, I had the chance to see actors and to compare their lives with the way dancers must work.

"I kept thinking of what the ballerina and the premier danseur must do in order to achieve a reputation; but for the movies, the actors, well, they just walk on. In this movie, I wanted to show the discipline and the dedication of the dancer. In a sense, you could describe *The Turning Point* as a documentary done as a spectacle."

The public, lining up at the box office, evidently agrees. Movie fans and balletomanes alike dab their eyes as the two heroines share longings and frustrations and final discoveries; they groan as the dancers sweat to achieve the perfection that prompted Martha Graham to describe the dancer as "the divine athlete"; and finally, inevitably, they gasp with wonder as Baryshnikov and his gleaming cohorts leap into their lives from filmdom's silver screen. ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theater

Neil Simon's First Good Play

by Martin Gottfried

IN 15 YEARS of almost Calvinist industriousness, Neil Simon has established himself as a household name, a fabulous commercial success, and the most frequently performed playwright in the history of the theater. That should count for something. The problem is, what?

Dismissed by too many as a commercial hack, Simon has repeatedly shown a potential for true artistic worth when he is least aware of it, and he has shown it in two areas. One is humor, for he can be marvelously funny in a unique and an anarchic way. (There is nothing intrinsically cheap about comedy. Only cheap comedy is cheap.) The other is a profound understanding of and a compassion for the American middle-class tragedy. Simon senses that one can bleed to death in Bloomingdale's.

His newest play, *Chapter Two* (at Broadway's Imperial Theater), demonstrates these qualities more tellingly than any other of his works. It is often very funny, but it also deals with the kind of pain that is more meaningful, to more people, than the usual stuff of high tragedy: life's futility and so on.

The main character is a successful novelist named George Schneider, who has just returned from a European vacation that has failed to help him forget his late wife. It has failed because he refuses to part with her memory and the memory of a near-perfect marriage. His brother Leo, a Broadway sharpie, is compassionate and practical, eager to provide phone numbers and even prostitutes, but George remains too distraught to socialize.

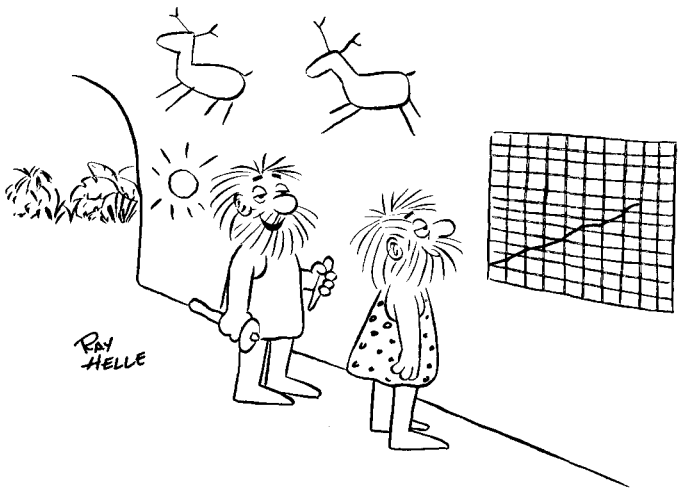
Almost at the play's start, Simon introduces Jennie Malone, the young woman who is destined for this bright, decent, and charming man. She, too, has just come through a personal crisis—a divorce—and she, too, has a practical friend, Faye, who is failing to bring her back to everyday life. Nor does the symmetry of these plots seem calculated.

In perhaps the most playable scene that Simon has ever written, with both characters and both apartments onstage simultaneously, George accidentally and then purposely phones Jennie. They mumble and hang up. They stumble and hang up. They joke and hang up. They finally arrange a five-minute meeting, just to satisfy their friends that they went through the motions of dating. The movies call this "meeting cute," but the sequence deserves a better description because it establishes the characters, it flows, and it is charming. The romance of George and Jennie never stops moving, and even the "boy loses girl" of it plays in an uncontrived way. For after George and Jennie marry abruptly, the resurfacing of his widower's pain is hardly the sort of minor plot complication we are accustomed to in romantic comedies. This is lacerating pain, expressed through fury, inflicted on another to punish the self.

The growth, the change, that finally open George toward life are not as neatly shown in the play. Nor do the secondary characters serve the purpose intended for them: demonstrating marriages in the breaking, as George and Jennie's is in the making. We never see Leo's wife or Faye's husband. We only hear that these marriages are loveless. This is a contrived parallel anyhow, and it looks contrived whenever it is onstage. We know that Leo, the compulsive cheater, and Faye, the would-be cheater, will eventually land in bed with each other. That is bad enough, but we also feel that it will happen because, for financial reasons, the play wants to limit itself to four characters. We shouldn't be thinking about such things in the midst of a story, especially when the story is otherwise so good.

Herbert Ross has directed *Chapter Two* beautifully, despite a long absence from the stage while pursuing a film career. Though his theater experience was as a choreographer and director of musicals, Ross has returned showing a tutorial and sympathetic talent for handling actors, moving action, and building momentum to emotional peaks. He has drawn wonderful performances from the two leads, Judd Hirsch and Anita Gillette, and satisfying ones from the supporting Cliff Gorman and Ann Wedgeworth. Miss Wedgeworth plays the fearfully lusty Faye with an inexplicable southern accent that has her sounding like Dolly Parton, but she is swept up in the spirited current of the play and forgiven.

There are moments in *Chapter Two* that betray its quality with common humor, but great swatches are funny in a fresh, *characteristic* way, and it is terribly human. It has real characters whose lives come to count for something; and most of all, it has the unmistakable ring of honesty. This is a play that, like Simon's others, will succeed as a commercial comedy with superficial sentiment. But unlike them, it will satisfy audiences in other times and in other places. It is about any of us reeling from a domestic shock—the sort that *really* jolts our lives—and stumbling in a mortal, decent way toward the courage to continue, to start a second chapter. It may not be a great play, and it is most conventional in style, but it is a very good play. Neil Simon's first. ◉



"It's just something the kids scratched out, but for some reason I feel good when I look at it."

Martin Gottfried is a winner of the George Jean Nathan Award.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Television

Cover-up at ABC

by Karl E. Meyer

ONE OF THE BEST features of *60 Minutes*, that invaluable CBS weekly magazine, is the segment devoted to letters from the public. Not only do Messrs. Wallace, Safer, and Rather acknowledge the existence of their viewers by reading the letters, but on occasion—and very refreshingly—the newsmen admit that they have been wrong. They make corrections, concede unfairness, and let us know that even at CBS News, the camera is not unfailingly truthful.

It is not easy to get other broadcasters to make similar admissions, on or off the air. As the story I am about to relate suggests, it is sometimes impossible to obtain any answer whatsoever to a legitimate question. So strongly do I feel about my own experience that I am filing a formal complaint with the National News Council, a recently formed watchdog group, and hope that other similarly aggrieved viewers will be encouraged to do likewise.

These are the facts:

Just a year ago, on Sunday, February 6, I happened to see a weekly program called *Like It Is*, on Station WABC, in New York. The subject was President Idi Amin, of Uganda, and the message was wholly at variance with all that I had heard about Big Daddy. Footage shot in Uganda presented the natives as happy and even carefree; various stories about atrocities were discounted; and President Amin in an interview came across as a jovial fellow who had been much wronged by the world press.

The program was based on the report of a dozen black journalists who had flown from the United States to Uganda to see conditions for themselves. According to the credits, it was produced by Gil Noble for an organization called the People's Communications Network. I inferred that this segment of the series was a local show broadcast by WABC as a gesture to minorities. However laudable that gesture, I was curious about four things:

1. Who paid the travel expenses for the visit? (The round trip air fare to East Africa is about $1,600.) 2. Had the visiting journalists made any attempt to interview exiled opponents of Amin in Kenya, Tanzania, or Zambia? 3. Did they contact Amnesty International for information about Uganda? 4. Why, in their interview with the president, had the visitors failed to ask Amin about the fate of Mrs. Dora Bloch, a woman of British nationality who had reportedly been murdered in a hospital after the Entebbe raid?

I put these questions in a civil letter, dated February 8, to Gil Noble. He replied on March 1: "I have passed your letter on to the People's Communications Network. I think it would be most appropriate for them to reply directly to your inquiry."

Silence. On May 11, I repeated my questions in a letter to Roone Arledge, the president of ABC News. Hearing nothing, I pressed my case in a second letter to Arledge, dated June 15, adding that I intended to take the matter up with the National News Council. Finally, on September 16, Arledge replied; he apologized for the delay and then said:

"As you are aware, *Like It Is* is the product of our local station, WABC-TV, and does not fall under my jurisdiction. I am forwarding your letters to Kenneth MacQueen, vice-president and general manager of WABC-TV. I am sure you will hear from Mr. MacQueen with a satisfactory answer to your questions as soon as it is conveniently possible for him to do so."

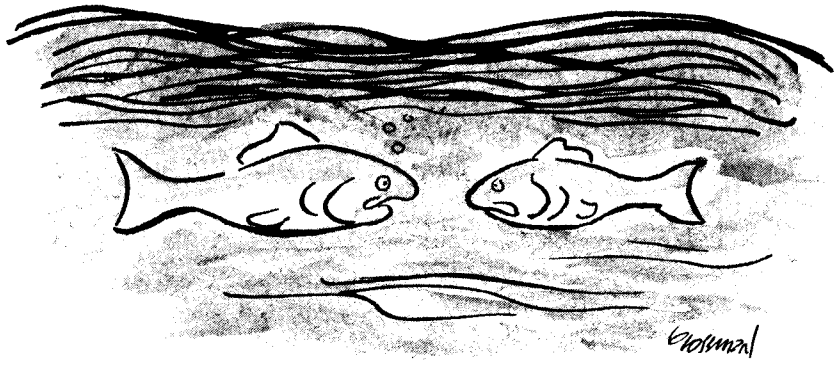
Alas, as I reported to Arledge in still another letter, dated November 16, MacQueen never found time to answer me. And there the matter rests.

Certainly no one can say that I have not made every reasonable effort to obtain the facts about this mysterious program. I can only assume that the silence confirms my suspicions that the trip was a junket organized by Ugandans and that the reporters were unseasoned and too timid to ask Amin about the notorious case of Mrs. Bloch. That such crude propaganda was broadcast by the ABC flagship station does not speak well for professional standards; failure to respond to my queries is indefensible.

A word about the National News Council. Freedom, accuracy, and fairness in media are the concerns of this nonprofit, voluntary organization founded in 1973 and consisting of 18 council members representing all areas of the country and every shade of opinion. The chairman is Norman E. Isaacs, editor in residence at the Columbia School of Journalism. Other council members include Dorothy R. Height, president of the National Council of Negro Women; William S. Rusher, publisher of the *National Review*; and Joan Ganz Cooney, president, Children's Television Workshop.

Anyone can file a complaint with the National News Council by writing to it at One Lincoln Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10023. The council does not review complaints about editorial expressions or personal opinions unless the facts are in dispute, but it will make an independent inquiry into any complaint about alleged unfair treatment by any of the media. On the basis of its inquiry, the council makes a formal finding, and its censure can be an embarrassment to the offender.

I hope to report on the council's finding on my own complaint, and I urge any viewer who is unable to get a satisfactory response from a broadcaster to turn to the council. It is one of the few weapons we have with which to counter the arrogance of media power. ◉



"Before we swim upstream, I want you to remember how strongly I feel about not bringing another salmon into this crazy, mixed-up world."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

Two Beached Whales

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

LIKE WINES, some directors travel, others don't. The UFA talents of the 1920s—Lubitsch, Lang, Ophuls, Zinnemann, Spiegel, Siodmak, Curtiz, Wilder—made the transition to the United States of the Thirties without undue discomfort. Most of them absorbed the rhythms of a new land with astonishing rapidity. But the two directors of the week—the great Ingmar Bergman and the notable Claude Lelouch—plainly should have stayed at home.

The Serpent's Egg, a Paramount release, is Bergman's first film outside Sweden; *Another Man, Another Chance*, from United Artists, is Lelouch's first film in the United States. The danger in moving outside the realm of one's own vivid experience is the temptation to form one's new work not upon life but, as Howells once wrote in a different context, upon "the masters who became masters only by forming themselves upon life." Such acts of imitation are known in the trade as *hommage*. The consequence is the contemporary weakness, noted recently by François Truffaut, for parody as the dominating cinematic mode. Away from familiar landmarks, Bergman has chosen to parody the German horror films of the Twenties; Lelouch, the American western.

The Serpent's Egg is a modern rendition of those movies that, as Siegfried Kracauer argued long ago in *From Caligari to Hitler*, prefigured the rise of Nazism. The *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, which was made in 1919, obviously did so unconsciously. *The Serpent's Egg*, made more than 40 years after Hitler arrived in power, has the knowing and contrived quality of recognizing how it all came out. It is set in Berlin in November 1923, where, as the narrator sententiously observes, "most everyone has lost faith in both the present and the future." The best things in the film are the vignettes of a city in despair—people demoralized by inflation and unemployment; horses carved up on the street and chops hawked to passersby; faces, stolid and desperate, in slowly moving crowds.

For the rest, it is a weird, murky, generally languid movie, filled with pointless mystification; the poorest Bergman I can remember. Abel Rosenberg, an American Jew and a circus performer, catches the whiffs of anti-Semitism in the air. A friend warns him to stay out of trouble. "I'm not going to act stupid," Abel says, "so I'm not going to get into trouble." That is one of those heavy signals. We know that by the end, he will realize that he is in trouble whether he acts stupid or not, because he is a Jew in Germany. But it takes a long time to get to the end, with various parodies along the way—of detective movies, of pornographic movies, of horror movies, and, most decisively, of the great *Caligari* itself.

Dr. Caligari, Kracauer wrote, stood for "an unlimited authority that idolizes power as such, and to satisfy its lust for domination, ruthlessly violates all human rights and values." Dr. Vergerus, Bergman's Caligari, conducts appalling experiments on human beings. After losing his brother and sister-in-law to the experimentation, Abel Rosenberg at last unmasks the mad scientist. A grateful German bureaucracy arranges for him to rejoin the circus in Switzerland. Rosenberg eludes his escort and disappears into the crowd. "He was never seen again." Why? This is typical of the pointless mystification. When did Rosenberg tell the detective inspector about the machinations of Dr. Vergerus? Was Rosenberg's encounter in the Vergerus house, after the death of Manuela, his sister-in-law, supposed to be fact or fantasy? Why did Manuela stay with Abel after he stole her savings? And so on.

David Carradine is appropriately seedy and baffled as Abel Rosenberg. The divine Liv Ullmann as Manuela does the best she can with an incomprehensible role. Gert Froebe and Heinz Bennent, as the inspector and Dr. Vergerus, come off best, perhaps because their characters are relatively straightforward. The screenplay, allegedly by Bergman himself, is in English and contains lines like: "I woke up from a nightmare and find that life is worse than a dream." One must hope that Bergman will return as quickly as possible to his native land. He is too great an artist to expend his energy in parody.

Claude Lelouch is a prolific and engaging director, remembered best for the marvelous romantic film of the Sixties, *A Man and a Woman*. This time he follows a young French couple leaving Paris after the Commune for the American West. The film's novelty is that they are not only immigrants but photographers. For the rest, the scenes are stereotyped, perhaps deliberately so as part of *hommage*. The husband is killed. The wife meets an American veterinarian whose own wife has been raped and murdered by a group of desperadoes. After vicissitudes, they walk off into the sunset (I speak metaphorically).

The camera-work is exquisite, but that is about all. There is no consistent system about language. French people speaking French among themselves are rendered sometimes by subtitles, sometimes by voices speaking English with a French accent. Parts of the film appear to be dubbed. The movie suffers, too, from Lelouch's recent addiction to the fragmentation of narrative. In an earlier film, the hero and heroine did not meet till the end. This time they meet after 83 minutes; but in the meantime the shuttling back and forth between parallel stories has dissipated most of the narrative drive.

James Caan as the veterinarian meanders along with the film, relaxed to the point of somnambulism. Still, he does convey a sense of gentleness, especially with animals, and his scene of revenge against the men who killed his wife is admirably done. Geneviève Bujold, courageous and delectable, almost makes the movie worth seeing. Francis Huster, as her first husband, has an interesting, sensitive face and gives a touching performance.

Another Man, Another Chance is not a pretentious disaster, like *The Serpent's Egg*; it is only an amiable and disarming bore. Both films show sophisticated talents trying to simulate alien genres. "It's stupid," as Truffaut said, "to imitate the cinema of innocence—you can't imitate innocence." ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 139

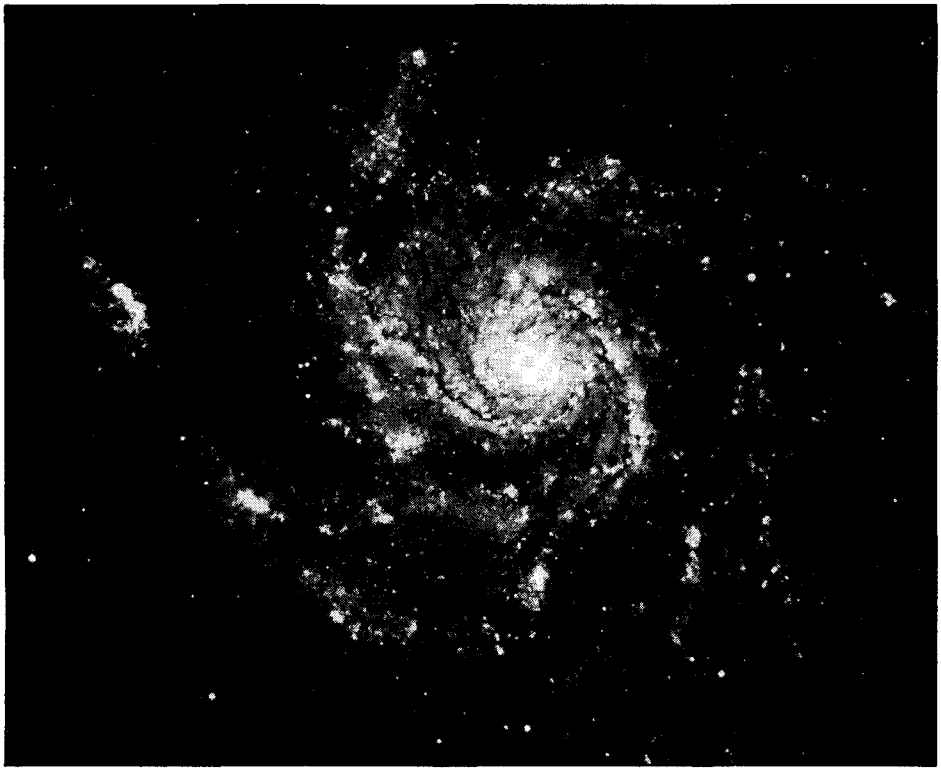
William D. Blankenship:
Yukon Gold

No real whiskey at all. Just hooch. Hooch is sometimes called "fifty-foot whiskey" because its aroma has been said to kill small animals at that distance.... They sold four different brands in the Dawson saloons: Red Tiger, Juice of the Snake, Chilkoot Dynamite, and Perry Davis Painkiller.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scienceletter

Does the Universe Breathe?



Lick Observatory

Spiral nebula in Ursa Major—"Galaxies move away from one another at incredible speeds."

by Albert Rosenfeld

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
—Robert Frost*

IN THE MOVIE *Annie Hall*, the actor who plays Woody Allen as a young boy sits steeped in depression in the analyst's office with his mother. "Why are you so depressed?" they want to know.

"The universe is expanding!" he explains. "It will break apart one day in all that emptiness."

Mother and doctor exchange a disbelieving look that seems to say, Crazy kid! Why should the ultimate fate of the cosmos, billions of years hence, be of any personal concern to a human being living on earth here and now?

I, for one, resonate to the crazy kid's feelings. And so do many people, perhaps most people. Somehow, the destiny of the universe *does* matter on a personal, emotional level, though we accept that we as individuals—as well as any number of generations of our descendants—will long since have returned to dust and though we recognize that we have more to fear from our immediate co-voyagers on this planet than from any threat of cosmic oblivion. Virtually every culture in human history has felt obliged to devise a creation story, a cosmogony, to account for how the universe got here. As Leibniz asked, "Why should there be something rather than nothing?"

According to the creation story currently most favored by scientists, our universe began some 15 to 20 billion years ago with the celebrated Big Bang that shattered the unimaginably concentrated package of mass-energy that has been designated by such names as the "primeval atom" and the "cosmic egg." The Genesis Blast, as one might also call it, imparted to all matter in the expanding cosmos the momentum that it still retains as the galaxies and clusters of galaxies move away from one another at incredible speeds. The Big Bang theory is the result of many lines of evidence that I will not attempt to catalog here. But Exhibit A for the continuous expansion of the universe is the red shift phenomenon: Light from a star or galaxy that is moving toward us should shift to the blue end of the spectrum; the faster it is moving toward us, the greater the blue shift. If the object is moving away from us, the shift should be toward the red end of the spectrum. It turns out that the light from all stars and galaxies exhibits the red shift, thus we know that these bodies are moving away from us—and by measuring their red shift, we can tell how fast they are moving away from us and from each other.

But can the universe go on expanding this way forever? Will it stop expanding one day? If so, what then?

There are two schools of thought among cosmologists and astrophysicists about the ultimate fate of the universe, and the triumph of one of these two distinct theories over the other depends on what certain critical measurements will be able to tell us about the density of the universe and about the rate at which its expansion is decelerating (if indeed it *is* decelerating). We can use a rocket launching as a helpful analogy: A rocket goes up with a certain velocity, and the earth's gravity tries to pull it back. If the rocket does not achieve escape velocity, it will fall back to earth, as nearly everything in our experience always has. In that case, we can measure the rocket's gradual deceleration before it reaches its apogee and starts back down. If a rocket is launched with sufficient escape velocity, however, it has enough momentum to carry it beyond the earth's gravitational pull. No rocket could continue on to the moon or to another planet without achieving escape velocity. The outcome is predictable because we know the mass and the density—and therefore the gravitational attraction—of the earth and because we can precisely measure a rocket's velocity at any point along its trajectory.

In the case of the expanding universe, however, with its confusion of multitudinous objects hurtling outward from the original center of the presumed primeval blast, these two critical numbers have been difficult to come by. We have not known except by sophisticated guesswork based on sparse data, the mass or the density of the universe; and we have not been able to measure with sufficient precision the rate of deceleration of the universe as a whole. So we have not been able to say with an

*From "Fire and Ice," copyright © Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc., from *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, 1969 ed., edited by Edward Connery Latham.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certainty that when objects reach the outermost limits of our presumably finite though unbounded universe they will "escape," as the rocket does from earth, or that the gravitational force generated by the total mass and density of the universe will, instead, slow them down and start them on a reverse course.

The two possibilities, then, are of an "open" or of a "closed" universe. The open universe expands forever, as in Woody Allen's conceit—not breaking apart, though, but merely running down, the stars and galaxies going out one at a time (as in a famous Arthur Clarke story) as they gradually cool down and lose their energy and light in a bleak and frozen finale to the cosmic drama. In the closed model, however, the expansion of the universe slows down and comes to a halt; then it reverses itself and contraction begins. In this model, the universe eventually undergoes a catastrophic collapse, down to another primeval atom or cosmic-egg-size inferno, presumably to erupt in a new Genesis Blast that will set everything flying apart again to form another universe, perhaps quite different in its characteristics from our present one.

Thus the closed universe is a cyclical one, an oscillating model, as envisioned in Hindu mythology, with our present universe representing merely the latest cycle. In either scenario, of course, all life perishes—either by ice or by fire, as it were. Just the same, I find I have a deep emotional preference for the closed, oscillating universe, an attachment I share with a number of writers and scientists of my acquaintance—among them Isaac Asimov; physicist John Archibald Wheeler, who recently moved from Princeton to the University of Texas; and astronomer Allan Sandage, of Caltech and Palomar. It was Sandage who, in 1960, calculated that the present cycle of expansion and contraction—this blip in the wave pattern of eternity—would take about 80 billion years.

I wasn't really aware of my emotional allegiance to the closed universe (which, because of Einstein's gravitational theories, most scientists seemed to favor) until 1975, when a painstaking compendium and analysis of the latest astrophysical data by two teams of astronomers in California and Texas seemed to provide a clear-cut refutation: The universe is open, they said; it will expand forever. At a meeting in Michigan, I heard British-born astronomer Beatrice Tinsley, of Yale, who had participated in the study project, give a quite convincing presentation of the case. I was surprised at the keenness of my disappointment.

I called Sandage to see what he thought. "I'm afraid it's true," he said. In fact, as a result of studies of his own, he had independently, albeit reluctantly, come round to the same conclusion. The universe seemed to have only about one tenth of the matter and the density—and therefore of the gravitational pull—necessary to slow down expansion and bring it to a halt. Moreover, measurements—not yet altogether conclusive, but supportive of this evidence—of the speed of receding galaxies indicated that they were moving at the necessary escape velocity. Like the young Woody Allen, I was depressed—not enough to go see an analyst, to be sure, but nevertheless depressed. Wheeler remained steadfast in his support of the closed universe; at the least, he felt it was premature to give up the theory with so much critical data still unknown. And indeed, his instincts have proved reliable. By 1976, I was clipping articles with headlines such as "Oscillating Universe Bounces Back" (from the British magazine *Nature*) and in late 1977, "Idea of Ever-Expanding Universe Dealt a Blow by Two New Studies" (from *The New York Times*).

Some of the missing mass of the universe was turning up in the form of hot clouds of gas, detected by a satellite called *Uhuru*, the Swahili word for "freedom"—launched off the coast of Kenya—that had been orbiting the equator in order to measure the "X-ray sky." These gaseous clouds are associated with so-called superclusters of galaxies. How can we grasp what a supercluster is? We don't do very well envisioning our own single galaxy, the Milky Way, with its 100 billion or so stars. A supercluster may be made up of as many as a few thousand galaxies like ours! Superclusters are the most massive collections of matter so far observed in the universe. And they present a puzzle: Huge as they are, they still do not possess enough mass—enough observable mass at any rate—to generate the gravity that scientists think is required to keep them from flying apart, considering their present velocities. In the opinion of Harvard astronomer Riccardo Giacconi, however, their enormous quantities of superheated gas are enough to hold superclusters together. If the same is true of all the 300 or so superclusters (it is true of at least three, and additional large quantities of gas have been discovered in intergalactic space), then it means there is a lot of matter in the universe that has not yet been detected—not enough matter to close the universe, but enough to offer encouragement that there's plenty more around somewhere. ("Black holes" are favorite speculative hiding places for some of the missing mass.) Meanwhile, measurements of the velocity of the receding galaxies are once again in question—the galaxies may turn out to be decelerating at a sufficient rate after all.

All this gives me a distinct sense of relief. I recall feeling quite sympathetic in 1975—when the theory of the open universe seemed to prevail—to the remark attributed to Amherst astronomer Edward R. Harris. He found the notion of an ultimate "graveyard of frozen darkness" a "horrible thought," holding that "it would make the whole universe meaningless. If that were true," he said, "I would quit and spend the rest of my life raising roses." But why should it matter? Well, for one thing, a universe with a single ending implies a single beginning. The idea of one lone Big Bang is less satisfying intellectually. It leaves unanswered the questions: Where did the primeval atom come from? How did it come into being? The cyclical model, on the other hand, suggests a universe that "always" has been and always will be, hence has neither beginning nor end. (I put *always* in quotes because such reasoning still does not settle the question of origin. No matter how many cycles may have passed, did there still not have to be a *first* cycle—a "Genesis point," an Aristotelian primary cause—to set the "universe machine" in motion?) So much for the intellect.

Emotionally, the open, one-time-only universe seems to *die*; whereas in the closed, oscillating model, the universe essentially goes on forever, from everlasting to everlasting. If we can't look forward to personal immortality (though we may hope to extend the length of our lives considerably) and if we accept that individual stars die (as our sun will one day, although we know also that other stars are sometimes born out of the death throes of their predecessors in a kind of cosmic procreative process), there is some strange solace in the idea that at least the universe itself is immortal, that there always will be something rather than nothing.

THE MODEL of the universe that I had really hoped would turn out to be the true one, during the relatively few years that it remained in viable competition with the Big Bang theory, was the "steady-state" universe, in which matter in the form of hydrogen was envisioned as being continuously created out in the vast intergalactic spaces. Continuously created out of what? Why, out of nothing. Many people were put off by that notion, even poked fun at it. But I

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

felt quite comfortable with the idea. It reminded me of a discussion I had once had with a friend in college. While he was a believing, churchgoing Christian, he ridiculed the Mormon belief that the prophet Joseph Smith could have received a revelation from God here in modern America. It seemed to me that if God could choose to reveal divine truths to ancient prophets in far-off lands, then that same presumably eternal and all-powerful God could certainly choose to reveal divine truths to you or me or anyone at all, at any time, in any place. Similarly, if one can accept that the entire universe was created out of nothing at some remote time in the past, it takes no great leap of faith to accept the idea that matter can be created out of nothing at *any* time. (For a really clever, only half-tongue-in-cheek explanation of how something can come out of nothing and disappear into nothing again and again, see Asimov's essay, "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover," in *Science, Numbers and I.*) The steady-state universe, with continuous creation as its hallmark, provided the maximum security and stability that one could hope for, given an expanding universe to start with: As galaxies continued to disappear beyond the detectable horizon, new matter kept being created to replace them; thus the universe remained in a steady state.

Alas, as new facts and observations kept arriving, the steady-state theory was seen to be increasingly untenable, and today it is hard to find an astronomer who believes in it. I have not yet said my own final goodbye to it emotionally, however. Who knows what new data and interpretations time will bring? For that matter, I have always kept a small corner of my mind open to the possibility that the universe may not be expanding after all. What if some radically original interpretation of the red shift were suddenly to become viable?

Whatever the answers to the cosmological questions turn out to be—and we may never know the answers with any sense of finality but only move toward closer approximations of the truth—we are integral parts of the star worlds that we inhabit. Evidence suggests that we are literally made of the stuff manufactured and thrown off by stars. We are thus true star children. And it is of course our minds that have created the whole starry universe—for it is only through our minds that we have had any access to it (so far). All this being the case, I think it is only human to care in a deep, personal way about the fate of a cosmos that is at the same time our parent and our child. ◉

Light Refractions

Finnegan's Quark

by Thomas H. Middleton

A FEW WEEKS AGO, I mentioned *Quarrel: The Quarterly Report on the English Language*. That's the very, very specialized magazine published by Laurence Urdang. It's a compendium of citations of new words; it's for the benefit of the publishers of dictionaries; and you can get a subscription for $12,000 a year, which averages out to $3,000 an issue. Larry Urdang sent me a copy of Volume One; and anytime I get something worth $3,000 in the mail, it's worth mentioning at least twice.

Volume One mentions *bottom quarks*, *top quarks*, and *charmed quarks*. In case you don't know what a quark is, the *Random House Dictionary* says it's "any one of three types of elementary particles that are believed by some physicists to form the basis of all matter in the universe" and adds that the word *quark* was "applied by W. Gell-Mann after a coinage in *Finnegan's Wake*, by James Joyce."

That was probably a good definition way back in 1966, when the *Random House Dictionary* was first published, but *Quarrel* tells us that in the July-August 1976 issue of *The Sciences*, there is a piece, "New Quarks and Charm," that posits a fourth quark: "We know that the original quark scheme involved three quarks and their anti-quarks. When Gell-Mann made this proposal nearly fifteen years ago there were fewer phenomena to contend with and it looked as if everything could be fitted into an approximate symmetry scheme characterized by the mathematical group SU (3). The simplest realization of this group involves transformation among three objects. Later, it appeared that this group might be too small. The next largest group, SU (4), involved four quarks. ... Adding a fourth quark assumes a new kind of charge or 'quantum number.' Glashow and J. D. Bjorken of Stanford call it *charm*. If there is a fourth quark then inevitably there will be new types of particles made up of the usual quarks and one, or more, of the new ones. These new particles are called *charmed*."

If that hasn't shattered your complacency, get this: *Quarrel* cites an article from *The New York Times* of August 5, 1977, telling us that we may well be dealing with *six* quarks:

"An ephemeral particle ten times heavier than the proton and neutron of the atomic nucleus, heaviest of the stable particles, appears to have been discovered, suggesting the existence of six rather than four quarks as basic building blocks of matter.

"If confirmed, the finding could be the most important in high-energy physics since the 1974 observation of particles supporting the theory that certain quarks carry a special property known as 'charm.'

"Subsequent experiments confirmed the existence of charmed quarks but also indicated that there might be two additional quarks. They are now being referred to as the 'top' and 'bottom' quark or, following a tradition of whimsical names, as 'truth' and 'beauty.' "

In view of the fact that I haven't the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vaguest idea of what they're talking about, it may appear to be supreme arrogance on my part to quibble about the pronunciation of *quark*.

When I first saw *quark*, I pronounced it as though it were like *quart*, but ending with a *k* instead of a *t*. *Random House* and *Webster's New World* dictionaries sanction the pronunciation, "quork." My other dictionaries are too old to mention the word at all.

I was intrigued by the fact that W. Gell-Mann, obviously not only a high-energy physicist but a James Joyce buff, had picked *quark* out of *Finnegan's Wake*. It wasn't easy, but I found it. There, on page 383 of my Viking Compass edition, it says, "Three quarks for Muster Mark! / Sure he hasn't got much of a bark," and so on, piling *lark*, *dark*, *park*, *Noah's ark*, and *spark* on top of the three quarks for Muster Mark.

Naturally, I figured that *Random House*, *Webster's New World*, and I were all wrong in our pronunciation. Surely W. Gell-Mann, the old Joycean, could not have read it as "Three *quorks* for Muster Mark!" If there's one thing James Joyce definitely did not have, it was a tin ear. Clearly, he meant the quarks to rhyme with all those parks and larks. If not, he'd have filled his work with storks, forks, and corks.

Before excoriating *Random House* and *Webster's New World* out of hand, I looked up W. Gell-Mann in my *Who's Who*. It turns out that W. Gell-Mann is not W. Gell-Mann at all, but Murray Gell-Mann, born in New York in September 1929, graduated from Yale in 1948 (presumably at age eighteen), and currently at the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena, just a short freeway hop from me. So I phoned him. He wasn't in his office, but I talked to his secretary. I told her that *Random House* and *Webster's New World* were giving the wrong pronunciation of *quark*. "They say it's *quork*," I told her.

To my astonishment, she said that several people had mentioned that it should be *quark*, to rhyme with *Mark*, but that Dr. Gell-Mann does indeed pronounce his so-called discoveries "quorks."

I say "so-called" because in light of Joyce's "Three quarks for Muster Mark," to pronounce them "quorks" puts the whole theory under a heavy cloud of suspicion.

As far as I'm concerned, old Anaximander had the right idea more than 2,500 years ago. The three basic elements of all matter in the universe are earth, fire, and water. ◉

Classified

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates per contract year (10-word minimum): 1 time $2.10 per word; 6 times $1.95 per word, per insertion; 12 times $1.85 per word, per insertion; 24 times $1.75 per word, per insertion. No charge for zip codes. In addition to word count, include $2.00 for domestic SR box numbers, $5.00 for overseas SR box numbers. Copy deadlines, 7th Wednesday preceding issue date. Full payment must accompany your order. Address: Classified Department, Saturday Review Magazine, **1290 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS,** New York, N.Y. 10019. *Replies to SR box numbers should be sent to the above address.*

PERSONALS

HARRIS TWEED, SCOTTISH TWEED, WORSTED SUITING, tailored to measure. Workmanship guaranteed, $1.00 for swatches—ALEXANDER GRAHAM, BORVE, LEWIS, SCOTLAND, PA86 ORX.

MEXICO—DEVALUATION BARGAIN. Ranch hotel in private valley, sunshine, swimming, massage, rest. Room and meals: $13.00. Brochure from Apdo. 1-1187S, Guadalajara, Mexico.

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES A YEAR while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS by M. N. Bunker. Famous textbook. Hardbound, 256 pages. Only $1.98, postpaid. Nelson Company, 325 Jackson, Chicago 60606.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. Brochure 25¢. SR Box 658.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS with members in 48 states gets the cultured marriage-oriented acquainted. Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc. bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, Inc., 154A Wells, Newton, Mass. 02159.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS in depth. $15.00. Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 10016.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES BY MAIL. Renowned Universities offer fully-accredited Bachelors, Masters, Ph.D.s ... Free revealing details. Counseling, Box 317-SR-28, Tustin, Calif. 92680.

FREE BOOK. *Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ.* Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N. Y. 14619.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th St., N.Y.C., 10021. (212) 628-1666.

MEDITATION evokes New Age consciousness. First year bimonthly course free. MEDITATION, P.O. Box 566W, Ojai, Calif. 93023.

PSYCHIC. Can bewitch (mesmerize) loved ones, others to your bidding: Write requests. Donations appreciated. (503) 342-2210. JAMIL, P.O. Box 10154, Eugene, Oreg. 97401.

SECURITY BLANKET for that new baby! Colorful, washable, handwoven Irish wool. $26.50 postpaid. About 54" x 38". Many natural fiber fabrics. Cotton or woolen bedspreads... size? Bayeux Tapestry panel. $12.50 ppd. 54" x 36" plus plain borders. Mohair throws. Carol Brown, Putney, Vt. 05346. SASE.

U.S. UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA merit degrees. Catalogue $3. #4552-SR, Washington, D.C. 20017.

SEND YOUR WORRIES! We will light a candle and pray for you daily. Our Lady of Guadalupe Shrine, P.O. Box 1161, Del Rio, Tex. 78840.

WANTED—letters of Don Marquis (1878-1937) for a book. Need help, locations, etc. SR Box 2297.

ENLIGHTENMENT, SELF - REALIZATION. How is it achieved? What is the importance of meditation? New home-study course. Write for information: S.G.A., 113 Friar Way, R20, Campbell, Calif. 95008.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER. Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

WE ARE RECALLING for adjustment our magnetic chess set (series 14B) because of unfortunate computer error which has over-magnetized sets making the pieces immovable except with pneumatic hammer. (Marvelous Magnetic Chess Sets. New Canaan, Conn.)

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. New. Information: SR7, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

MISEMPLOYED? Start a successful used-book store! Details, SR Box 1009.

SEND YOUR LOVE OVERSEAS! You can become a Foster Parent to a little boy or girl for $19 a month—and learn the child's name, receive a photograph, a detailed case history, and exchange letters. For information write: Foster Parents Plan, 158-D Plan Way, Warwick, R.I. 02887 or call toll free (800) 327-8912.

THE SOCIETY FOR BOYCOTTING PRODUCTS obnoxiously advertised, a nationwide, nonprofit, all-volunteer society organized to combat loud, vulgar, unesthetic, indelicate, disgusting, pornographic, discriminatory, and/or potentially harmful television commercials, needs funds for supplies and operating expenses. Any donation of one dollar and up gratefully and appreciatively accepted. P.O. Box 30266, New Orleans 70190.

Will trade valuable collection of varnished hooples for facsimile set of Lady Chatterley's love letters. SR Box C.L.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, other interesting capes, to order of her Irish tweeds. SASE brochure. Carol Brown, Putney, Vt. 05346.

FOR THE COLLECTOR

OLD AND RARE MAPS AND PRINTS. Lists available based on your specific interests. Lane's Repository, 1187-S Dakota, North Brunswick, N.J. 08902.

GEMSTONES Facetor-importer direct. List $1. Vaughn, Delaplaine, Ark. 72425.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

STUMPED FOR ORIGINAL GREETINGS? Limericks written for any occasion. $10. Straight or studio humor. Send name(s), details, payment to YE ODE SHOPPE, Box 113-R, Bowling Green, Ky. 42101.

LITERATE TOTEBAG: "Eschew Obfuscation", $6.75; T-shirt (S-M-L-XL), $4.95; plaque, $3.50; letter seals, 200/$2.50, 500/$5; bumperstickers, 2/$1, 6/$2.75. WRY Ideas, P.O. Box 22408, San Diego, 92122.

CLOTHINGS, Chinese Handicrafts, Souvenirs, Paintings. Ace, 1022 Bell House, Hongkong.

BOOMERANGS! IMPORTED gift model $5.00. FREE catalogue. BoomerangMan. 306-A Park, Monroe, La. 71201.

GOURMET INTERESTS

NATIONALLY ACCLAIMED POTATO SALAD! Simple, SECRET Recipe first time revealed. $1.00. Judith's Gourmets. SR Box 2296.

TEA DEVOTEES savor world's rarest select teas. Grace Tea Importers, Dept. SR 28, 799 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10003. Brochure $1.00. Fee applied to first order.

10 EXOTIC WINES you can make at home, $2. Hearthside, Box 425, Pleasantville, N.J. 08232.

ALMOND POPPY SEED CAKE recipe. Send $1 to SR Box 2300.

AUTHENTIC POLISH RECIPES. Ten of our family's best. $2.00 to DZIENKUJA, Box 556, Mt. Prospect, Ill. 60056.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GAMES

PERSONALIZED CROSSWORDS! Puzzles custom-made for your convention, anniversary, retreat, any occasion! Relevant names, technical terms, in-jokes. Write: CUSTOM CROSSWORDS, Odin House, Madison, Minn. 56256.

LITERARY SERVICES

CREATIVE, IMAGINATIVE WRITER. Articles, novels, biographies. Bob Hogrogian. (201) 489-0637.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, Research writing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! Research Unlimited, Box 300-S, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

QUALITY BOOKS MANUFACTURED (HARD COVER & PAPERBACK) IN 90 DAYS OR LESS. Complete plant—typesetting, letterpress, offset, binding, jackets. For details and prices write Dept. 731. JERICHO BOOK MFG., 900 S. Oyster Bay Road, Hicksville, N.Y. 11801. (516) 822-5700.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N. Y. 11509.

SPEECH ASSIGNMENT? Questionnaire captures your message, thrust. Parkstone Company, P.O. Box 1542, Eugene, Oreg. 97440.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author, SR Box 644.

COLLEGIATE RESEARCH PAPERS. Thousands on file. All academic subjects. Send $1.00 for mail order catalogue. Box 25918-R, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. (213) 477-8474.

WORDSMITHS. Writing, editing. Papers, studies. Original, confidential. Box 5882(f), Chicago 60680.

SELF-PUBLISHING can be profitable, prestigious, satisfying. Use our complete service. Free estimate any size manuscript. BOOKCRAFTERS, 1245 Webster, Chicago 60614. (312) 935-8345.

BOOKPLATES

FREE color catalogue offers scores of hard-to-find home library accessories. Antioch Bookplate Company, Box 28BH, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

BOOKS

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service if not in our large stock. Write: Q. M. Dabney & Co., Box 31061-W, Washington, D. C. 20031.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS. Free catalogue. Write: Hamilton, 30-1 Chambers, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

BOOKS SUPPLIED—Select Out-of-Print, Used, Fine, Scarce, Interesting. Send authors' names and titles wanted. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE VARIETY. Intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send dollar for listing of 20,000 titles & prices. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

FREE CATALOGUE—10,000 used novels, literature. Chadde, Grand Marais, Minn. 55604.

MINIATURE BOOKS. Free catalogue. Mosaic Press, Dept. 30, 358 Oliver, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215.

LOVE A MYSTERY? Free Mystery-Detective book list. Mystery House, Box 4235, Reading, Pa. 19606.

PIAGETIAN THEORY AND THE HELPING PROFESSIONS. Information: P.O. Box 77632, Los Angeles 90007.

Handbook for Parents of Gifted and Talented (Also Helpful for Educators) tells how to identify gifted children, why they're neglected, ways to organize to help them. $3.45. Institute on Gifted, 316 W. Second, Los Angeles, Calif. 90012.

EARTHPROBE by Starship, $3, ppd.; Little Red Hen Pubcom, Jenner, Calif. 95450. 84 pp.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 636B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

WE FIND BOOKS! Rare or out-of-print. Free search. Eva Davis Books, 2 Prince Charles, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and every book guaranteed. You name it—we find it! International Bookfinders, Inc., Box 1-SR, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

BOOK COLLECTIONS built by globe-girdling agents. All fields A to Izzard. Book Landes, 8926 National Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90034.

ORIENTALIA, WESTERNALIA, GENERAL—free search! Westward Ho Bookstore, 360 West Portal Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94127.

PERIODICALS

THE ASTRONOMY QUARTERLY designed for the intelligent layman, educator, amateur. Eight dollars yearly (ten foreign). Pachart Publishing House. Box 6721-R, Tucson, Ariz. 85733.

BYLINES publication for the Woman Writer. Box 29068-R, Honolulu, Hawaii 96820.

POETRY

POETRY MARKETS—Current, detailed list, $3. LYF-SR, Box 722, Inglewood, Calif. 90307.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

NON-COMPETITIVE GAMES for home, school, church. Play together, not against each other. Free catalogue: Family Pastimes (SR), R.R. 4, Perth, Ontario, Canada K7H 3C6.

ART

GETTING STARTED in stained glass. $.50. Whittemore. Box 2065EG, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

COLOR SLIDES

ART—EDUCATIONAL—TRAVEL. 90,000 Individually sold. Samples—Listings $1.00. Visuals, P.O. Box 381215, Miami, Fla. 33138.

NSLA MEMBER SERVICES

RECORDS AND TAPES: Discount of 20% on world's largest selection of records and tapes, including many hard-to-find. All categories from classical to rock! For details and order forms, write: NSLA RECORDS AND TAPES SERVICE, P.O. Box 844, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10036. No minimum purchase required.

BOOKS: Discount of 20% on all the newest best-sellers as well as most books of general interest currently published in hard cover editions. (Offer does not include text, technical and most University Press titles). For details and order forms, write: NSLA BOOK SERVICE, P.O. Box 66, Essex Fells, N.J. 07021. No minimum purchase required.

MUSIC

HARPSICHORD MUSIC. Urtext editions from all over the world, available postpaid. Also books on history and performance. Write for free catalogues. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Box 121-S, Stonington, Conn. 06378

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222S, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

HARPSICHORD AND FORTEPIANO KITS. Authentic replicas of historical instruments in kit form for construction by the amateur craftsman. Illustrated brochure. Frank Hubbard Harpsichords, Inc., 185A-W Lyman Street, Waltham, Mass. 02154.

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 25): slates, steals, stales, tassel

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS, VIRGINALS. Free color catalogue of kits and beautifully finished instruments. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Box 121-S, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORD. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 06069.

BIOFEEDBACK

ALPHAPHONE® headset—brainwave trainer. Free catalogue. Aquarius Electronics, Box 96-CC, Albion, Calif. 95410.

RECORDS AND TAPES

RECORD JACKETS. Replace old, torn, LP jackets with clean, glossy, pure white jackets. Plastic-lined inner sleeves, opera boxes, 78 sleeves, double jackets. CABCORS, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

SHOW ALBUMS—Rare, out-of-print LPs, 64-page list $1.00. *Baker's Wife* cast LP $9.95. Broadway/Hollywood Recordings, Georgetown, Conn. 06829.

RECORDS-TAPES! Discounts to 73%; all labels; no purchase obligations; newsletter; discount dividend certiqqcates; 100% guarantees. Free details. DISCOUNT MUSIC CLUB, 650 Main St., Dept. 13-0278, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801.

AUDIO

GOOD SOUND IS AFFORDABLE. The speaker is the only part of a stereo system you actually hear and yet it is the least accurate segment of most music reproduction systems. Good speakers necessarily cost quite a bit of money. If you would like the maximum for your money, or haven't the funds for the quality of speakers you truly desire, consider Speakerlab kits. We have simply subtracted the cost of assembly (and the mark-ups enjoyed by retail stereo stores) leaving the high quality stereo speakers in simple kit form. The money you save on assembly lets you afford the very best speaker elements, cabinetry and design. A Speakerlab kit requires only two hand tools to assemble—a caulking gun (for the silicone adhesive provided) and a staple gun. Illustrated coherent instructions take you each step of the way in the assembly process. And if, for some reason, you cannot finish assembly, we will complete your kits for only the cost of freight. Request our free 52-page catalogue-manual for a complete description of our kits and an introduction to acoustics and speaker terminology. Good sound *is* affordable. Making it affordable has made us the largest manufacturer of speaker kits in the world. Speakerlab, Inc., Dept. SW-B, 5500 35th N.E., Seattle, Wash. 98105.

SCHOOLS

DARROW, a mountainside co-educational boarding school. College prep, small classes, stimulating teachers. Twenty sports; outdoor program. Strong sense of community. Admissions without regard to race, religion, nationality. Write Porter Caesar, Admissions, Darrow School, New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125.

THE VERSHIRE SCHOOL. Co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff backgrounds include Foreign Service, business, and Peace Corps. Blending Peace Corps approaches (field study Mexico and Europe), imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent thousand acres scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring... all very secondary to warm outstanding education. S. Ingham, Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547.

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

DOCTORAL PROGRAMS FOR QUALIFIED PROFESSIONALS. Intensive residence alternates with independent study under faculty guidance. Compatible with employment. Licensed by Florida State Board of Colleges. Heed University, Box 311, Hollywood, Fla. 33022. (305) 925-1600.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES BY MAIL. Renowned Universities offer fully-accredited Bachelors, Masters, Ph.D.s ... Free revealing details. Counseling, Box 317-RS4, Tustin, Calif. 92680.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALTERNATIVE DOCTORAL PROGRAM. Apply your knowledge and abilities toward goals that are personally meaningful and socially significant. Walden University offers its nationwide network of recognized scholars in support of the full-time professional's doctoral objectives. Choice of Eastern or Western campus. For catalogue write to: WALDEN UNIVERSITY, Room S, 801 Anchor Rode Drive, Naples, Fla. 33940.

CAMPS

BROWN LEDGE—Mallet's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics, water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vt. 05401.

NONCOMPETITIVE, stressing simple lifestyle. Instrumental music, drama, hiking. Golden Arrow, Georges Mills, N.H. 03751.

BELLE TERRE GYMNASTIC CAMP FOR GIRLS. (607) 538-3701. So. Kortright, N.Y. 13842.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS co-ed 6-18. Special programs. Write! Find out! Brochure! Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 15, N.J. 08318. Phone (609) 358-2472.

SPECIAL CAMPS

CAMP SULLIVAN, EAGLE RIVER, WISCONSIN: Overnight camping programs for children with adjustment, developmental, and learning disabilities. Co-ed, 8-16. Richard Stern, 7439 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60626. (312) 262-8918.

STUDIES ABROAD

WARNBOROUGH COLLEGE is accepting applications for the Spring, Summer and Fall semesters 1978. Warnborough College is a private British college of higher education located in Oxford, England. Course offerings and applications may be obtained from Director of Admissions, Warnborough College, Boars Hill, Oxford OX15ED, England. Travel to Europe and throughout Great Britain may be arranged in conjunction with academic programmes.

YOUR $ BUYS A BETTER EDUCATION in Mexico's Instituto Allende. English language college in 16th century colonial town. Superb professional guidance in arts, crafts, humanities, intensive Spanish and writing. Small, unpressured classes produce high % of top achievers. U.S. Office of Education, V.A. and Canada Loan approval. Perpetual sunshine, bargain accommodations with recently devalued peso. Free illustrated catalogue. Instituto Allende, Box A, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuanto, Mexico.

SCHILLER COLLEGE EUROPE—Heidelberg, Strasbourg, Paris, London, Madrid. Liberal arts curricula: academic year and summer programs. American credit system. U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73118. (405) 842-5979.

SUN AND SPANISH TOO! Instituto de Filologia Hispánica, Apdo. 144, Saltillo, Coahuila, Mexico.

PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY School of Arts, 9 rue Ursulines, PARIS 5. ACADEMIC YEAR—SUMMER IN FRANCE—FASHION WORKSHOPS. U.S.A. contact: Hazel Kley (203) 226-1348.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

SUMMER IN GREECE. Five week program in Theatre, Fine Arts and Greek Studies. June 25 - July 28. University or in-service teaching credits arranged. Information: Athens Centre, 22 Massalias, Athens, Greece.

YUCATAN-OAXACA WITH ANTHROPOLOGIST. Optional photographic workshop. Students 14-18. (Mexico, Borneo. All ages, year-round.) Box 590, Cavecreek, Ariz. 85331.

JOIN TIME-TESTED language travel program, based in Vienna. 19th consecutive German Summer School. June 7th-Aug. 24th. Write: College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691.

SUMMER '78 STUDY TOURS. Medieval and Renaissance England. Children's Literature and Folklore of Spain. The Asian Experience (Manila, Bangkok, Taipei, Hong Kong). Raja Yoga in India. The Wilderness: Kashmir and Ladakh. Credit optional. Write Promo, University of California Extension, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95064.

GERMANY, FRANCE, SPAIN, ENGLAND. Graduate, undergraduate and high school programs. 1978 Writers Workshop—Paros, Greece. Intensive French Institute—Strasbourg. See Schiller College Europe under "Studies Abroad."

LANGUAGE INSTRUCTION

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to Cuernavaca Language School. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

SUMMER STUDIES

WILDERNESS CHALLENGE. Discover your capabilities, become more self-reliant & confident. Learn outdoor skills: camping, climbing & survival, kayaking. Two 3-week courses for small groups of boys and girls 11-15. Base camp; river and mountain expeditions. Optional Reading/Math Tutoring, 6 weeks. Forestry Program 3 or 6 weeks. Director, Box 365, Proctor Summer Programs, Andover, N.H. 03216.

STUDENT TRAVEL

EUROPE-U.S.A. Unique, lively, flexible programs. Touring, Camping, French/Spanish study, Summer Ski/Tennis Camps, African Safari, Wilderness Trips. 21st year. STUDENTS ABROAD/CONTINENTAL FRONTIERS, 1-S Sherman Square, N.Y.C. 10023. (212) 595-3044.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS. Stay in a Soviet youth center. Or sail with Breton fishermen; ski in July at Mont Blanc; bike in Denmark; ride horseback in Swiss Alps; work on Normandy farm; sun on French Riviera; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain; live with European family. Festivals, theatres in London, Paris, Moscow. Bicycle trip in Canada. EIGHTH GRADERS: France. Unique summer travel. 27th year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vt. 05346.

BICYCLE-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Trips to New England, Nova Scotia, Western Canada, Europe. Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vt. 05767. (802) 767-3297.

WILDERNESS VENTURES. Backpacking-Mountaineering-Rafting. Eight week expeditions from East to Rockies and Northwest. Small co-ed groups, ages 14-18. Mike & Helen Cottingham, Box 333-R, Moran, Wyo. 83013. (307) 543-2301.

SUMMER IN LONDON. LIVE WITH A BRITISH FAMILY. Teenage and college groups. Tours, theatre, social activities. Brochure. Specify teenage or college. Mrs. H. Goldfarb, Anglo-Continental Holidays, 200 Pinehurst Avenue, Dept. S, N.Y.C. 10033. (212) 923-2136.

20TH ANNUAL OSBORNE VISITS TO EUROPE—Top Quality Summer Itineraries For High School and College Students. SuperSavers Available. Free Brochure. Osborne Travel, 3379 Peachtree Road, Atlanta, Ga. 30326.

TRAVEL

KNIGHT'S LODGING! *Castle Hotels of Europe*, 5th edition paperback. 485 authentic castles, monasteries, manor houses, palaces; 18 countries, 465 photos, 17 in color; rates, maps, histories; 180 pages. $5.25 postpaid. Robert P. Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

EXPLORE POLYNESIA: Unique expeditions visit unspoiled traditional villages, meeting Pacific Islanders in their own environment. UTA French Airlines, P.O. Box 9000, Van Nuys, Calif. 91406, or Goodman's GoodTravel Tours, Dept. SR, 5332 College, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 100* (see page 40): The way of even the most justifiable revolution is prepared by personal impulses disguised into creeds.—Joseph Conrad

ROAM THE WORLD by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home! Freighters, 163-09-ZA3 Depot, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

THIS AD + $11.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, N.Y.C. 10036, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Singles-$18.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

CULTURAL AND WILDLIFE EXPEDITIONS New Guinea, East Island, Galapagos, Mongolia, Patagonia, Europe, Antarctica. Expert lectures on culture, wildlife, archeology. Small escorted groups. SOCIETY EXPEDITIONS, Dept. SR, P.O. Box 5088, University Station, Seattle, Wash. 98105.

EUROPE BY CAR—New York: 630 Fifth Avenue, (212) 581-3040. Los Angeles: 9000 Sunset Boulevard, (213) 272-0424. Complete Information car rental, purchase.

ITALIAN ART BOOKS! Plan your future trip! Recall past vacations! Beautiful publications. Numerous colored photographs. Clear plastic covered. Depicting Italian cities, museums, art treasures. Imported from Italy. English text. Write for free brochure. ASA PUBLISHING IMPORTERS, 6534 Pampano Drive, Glen Burnie, Md. 21061.

Take a THRIFTTRIP to San Francisco. The Hotel Manx, located in the heart of the city, 350 feet from Union Square, offers cable cars at the door. World famous shops, fine restaurants and theatres nearby. Reasonable rates. Write for color brochure. Hotel Manx, 225 Powell Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415) 421-7070.

KING AUTHOR'S BRITAIN, two-six week quest beginning July 7. Dr. Lincoln, 2205 Highland. Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.

ART TOUR NEW YORK CITY: Art Professors escorted tour. Museums, Galleries, Studios, Architecture. Hotel: St. Moritz on the Park, famous restaurants, $498.00. May 21-28. International Art Tours, 2349 Birch, Merrick, N.Y. 11566.

EXPEDITION 'ROUND THE WORLD. Remote places: Galapagos, Pitcairn, Easter, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. 180' yacht. Shipmates wanted. Share expenses. Write YANKEE TRADER, P.O. Box 120, Dept. RW17, Miami Beach, Fla. 33139.

SAN FRANCISCO'S BEST BUY—Hotel Cecil—one block from Union Square. A warm welcome awaits you in a charming European atmosphere. Courtesy coffee—Sun Deck—Family rates. Write for brochure: 545 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415) 673-3733.

PHOTO TOUR, Tahiti, Bastile pageantry, four islands, July 9-20. Eurpac Travel, 316 Miller, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941.

QUESTERS WORLDWIDE NATURE TOURS provide the broadest possible experience of the natural history, customs, art, and architecture of many areas of the world. Tour parties are small, itineraries unusual, the pace leisurely, the leadership excellent. Destinations include Mexico, Galapagos, Iceland, Switzerland, Scotland, Hawaii, Alaska, Sri Lanka. Write today for the current Directory. Questers Tours, Dept. SR, 257 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010.

BIKE EUROPE—two-week cycling tour with hotels, meals, and escort bus. Emmett, 1137 Southwest Yamhill, Portland, Oreg. 97205.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S TOUR of Europe in September, including Photokina. Details Free. Professional Studies, Box 6876-PB, Jacksonville, Fla. 32205.

FREE HOTEL ROOMS. Free motel rooms. Discover how experienced travelers save. Information free from International Travel Card, Box 1853-H, Cleveland, Ohio 44106.

VACATIONS

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33577.

AN IMPOSSIBLY ROMANTIC private island paradise, in the Grenadines, with beach, pool, tennis, sailing and snorkeling. Limited to 50 guests. Brochure. YOUNG ISLAND, 315 E. 72 St., N.Y.C. 10021.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCLUSIVE BAHAMIAN OUTISLAND RESORT. BARGAIN RATES—Gourmet menu. Write for Brochure: ROCK SOUND CLUB, ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS.

THE WIGWAM—Litchfield Park 85340. Great Arizona Holidays: 7 days/6 nights, $344.50 per person including room, all breakfasts, dinners, airport transfers, and choice of greens fees on 3 courses, tennis, or riding. Mobil 5-Star Resort, private Country Club atmosphere, nightly entertainment and dinner-dancing. 15 miles from Phoenix. Write Dept. C or call (602) 935-3811 for reservations and information.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn, swim, relax by famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

UNSPOILED ANGUILLA (snorkeling, tennis). RENDEZVOUS BAY HOTEL (reasonable). Brochure. SR Box 1053.

BAHAMIAN GARDEN RESORT $18.00 ECONOMY—$35.00 DELUXE FOR TWO. Luxurious tropical setting, patio bungalows, Olympic pool, tennis, golf, scuba diving, snorkeling, fishing, sailing, secluded beaches, beautiful reefs. Write: ROCK SOUND CLUB, ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, boating, skindiving, tennis, birdwatching, loafing. Congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Box 633, Islamorada, Fla. 33036. Phone (305) 664-4435.

LUXURIOUS CONDOMINIUMS, Chalets (1 to 4 bedrooms), motel. Rent daily, weekly. Ten minutes to 5 major ski areas. Linderhof, Box 126R, Glen, N.H. 03838. Tel. (603) 383-4334.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Jost Van Dyke Island. Precious seclusion. Talcum sand. Gin clear water. Four private cottages. Three memorable meals. $92.00/day/couple. Write: George Myrick, Box 7174F, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

MAINE WINDJAMMER SAILING VACATION—Schooner Isaac H. Evans and Schooner Lewis R. French. $265. Weekly. Brochures, Captains Lee and Foss, Box 482R, Rockland, Maine 04841. Tel. (207) 594-8007.

CARIBBEAN SEA EFFICIENCIES $28-$36. Featuring snorkeling. Swimming. Fishing. Mental/physical reconditioning. Remarkable year-round value. CARIBEPLAYA, Guardarraya, Puerto Rico 00723.

MONTANA GUEST RANCH: 5 miles to Glacier Park. Pool-sauna-horses-fine food. Also scenic/fishing pack trips into backcountry camps. Write: High Adventure Guest Ranch, Box 157R, West Glacier, Mont. 59936.

COLORADO VACATION at a fine resort high in the mountains. Horses, pool, therapeutic pool, fishing guides, golf and tennis nearby, guided hikes, jeep trips, packtrips, childrens' counselors, bar, nightly entertainment, excellent dinners and breakfasts, and deluxe carpeted units. $294 per week, children $154. Limousine service from Denver. Write Lane Guest Ranch, Box 1766R, Estes Park, Colo. 80517 for brochure.

CULEBRA ISLAND, PUERTO RICO, unspoiled, crescent beaches, snorkeling, scuba, spectacular waterview houses. Write CULEBRA, 9C, 1 West 85th St., N.Y.C. 10024.

COMFORT & CHARM ON MT. DESERT ISLAND, Maine. The Claremont Hotel & Cottages. On Somes Sound—95th Season—Delightful dining, tennis, swimming. Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679. (207) 244-5036.

UNIQUE WILDERNESS TRIPS from small family ranch. Horseback, backpack, ski touring. GAMEHILL RANCH, Bondurant, Wyo. 82922.

SOUTHERN FRANCE: See Houses for Rent.

PLEASURE OR STUDY TOURS (8th year): Arts, Archaeology, Photography. France: begin Paris—25 June - 18 July, $1550.00. Celtic: begin Paris—Brittany, England, Wales, Ireland—19 July - 12 August, $1450.00. Dr. Gale W. Engle, 755 Parma Way, Los Altos, Calif. 94022. (415) 948-4924.

BAHAMIAM OUTISLAND VACATION. BARGAIN RATES FOR TWO. $18.00 Economy—$35.00 Deluxe EP. Write direct. Save commissions. ROCK SOUND CLUB, ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS.

ENGLAND. Comfortable accommodation in beautiful surroundings. Write Colonel & Mrs. Barne, Culeaze, Wareham, Dorset BH20 7NR.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA—Gardens, house tours, Spoleto Festival—Old City carriage house with Continental breakfast. Write Squares, 24 Cumberland, Charleston, S.C. 29401.

PREFABRICATED HOMES

BUILD A BEAUTIFUL LOG HOME OR CABIN! Kits from $3900. Brochure $3.50. Dealership Information Package $5.00. WILDERNESS LOG HOMES: RR 2SR-12, Plymouth, Wis. 53073.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

COME TO OAK PARK—The unique suburb 12 minutes from Chicago's Loop by public transportation. Historic architecture—community activism. Great schools, day care. Free apartment referral service. Ms. Wright, Oak Park Housing Center, 1041 South Boulevard, Oak Park, Ill. 60302. (312) 848-7150.

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights ... a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850, or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

EXCHANGES/RENTALS. Professional-Executive homes. Inquiline, Box 208-D, Katonah, N.Y. 10536.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacation. Write: Vacation Exchange Club (R), 350 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10013.

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange. Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

CATALOGUE, FULLY ILLUSTRATED. INTERNATIONAL EDITION. 500 ENTRIES. $10.00. 6532(SR) Maple St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6P 5P2.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home SR Box 635.

HOMES FOR EXCHANGE OR RENTAL—Exchange homes throughout Europe, America, worldwide. Plus 1,000 Mediterranean villas, apartments, British cottages, for rental. INTERCHANGE, #400(S), 888 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C. 10019. (212) 265-4300.

USA - WORLDWIDE. Join by phone (913) 242-6067 or write Hilton's Holiday Home Exchange, Box 412, Ottawa, Kans. 66067.

HOUSES FOR RENT

ITALIAN LAKESIDE HOUSE. Reasonable. Monthly/seasonal. Simplicity, beauty. SR Box 2144.

SOUTHERN FRANCE: 16th century house in Chateau Hill Village. Fully furnished. Three bedrooms. SR Box 1087.

MYKONOS ISLAND, GREECE. Luxurious, seaside villa. $2,400/month. (313) 884-2826.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

BIG...FREE...SPRING CATALOGUE! Over 2,500 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

GOVERNMENT LANDS...FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

LEADERS NEEDED for 4-6 week summer bicycle-camping trips for teenagers. Applicants must be 21 or over. Write or call Student Hosteling Program of New England, Rochester, Vt. 05767. (802) 767-3297.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!! 50,000 jobs! Transportation! Latest information, $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 8489-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90808.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$2.00. Opportunities. Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National Information, Department 201, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, all occupations, high pay, transportation, tax benefits, computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—$10,000-$50,000+. Free Information! Employment International, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J, Boston, Mass. 02103.

TEACHERS—ADMINISTRATORS—LIBRARIANS—PRINCIPALS: Current U.S. school, college openings list $5.95; Abroad $5.95. Leading Placement Sources U.S. $3.95; Foreign $4.95. EIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

EDUCATORS: Get first choice of jobs in education, business, government. Free information!! Oxford Associates—Box 5529W, Washington, D.C. 20016.

TEACHER INFORMATION EXCHANGE: National, comprehensive job information—all levels. Box 306-E, Bainbridge Island, Wash. 98110.

TRAVEL ON FOREIGN SHIPS! GOOD PAY! No experience. Men, women. Stamped, long envelope. GLOBETROTTER, Box 1266-SRA, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

TEACHERS-MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. 95 Woodchester, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

JOBS ON SHIPS! Men-Women. American, Foreign. Worldwide travel. No experience necessary. Guide $3. Seafax, Dept. W-10, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

VOLUNTEER: PEACE CORPS/VISTA. Peace Corps & VISTA need dedicated volunteers to help meet basic human needs in health, nutrition, food and water supplies, housing, economic development, education, energy. Projects in U.S., Latin America, Africa, Asia & the Pacific. Volunteer expenses paid. U.S. citizens only; singles or couples. Information: Betty Funches, Peace Corps/VISTA, Box P-11, Washington, D.C. 20525—An Equal Opportunity Program.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for Free, no obligation Writing Aptitude Test. Analyze your writing potential. Writers' Institute, Dept. 47-02-8. 100 Mamaroneck Ave., Mamaroneck, N.Y. 10543.

DEALERS WANTED: Build-A-Log-Home-Kit. Hand peeled Cedar Log Homes from $3900. Brochure $3.50. Dealership Information Package $5.00. Wilderness Log Homes, Route 2-SR2CB, Plymouth, Wis. 53073.

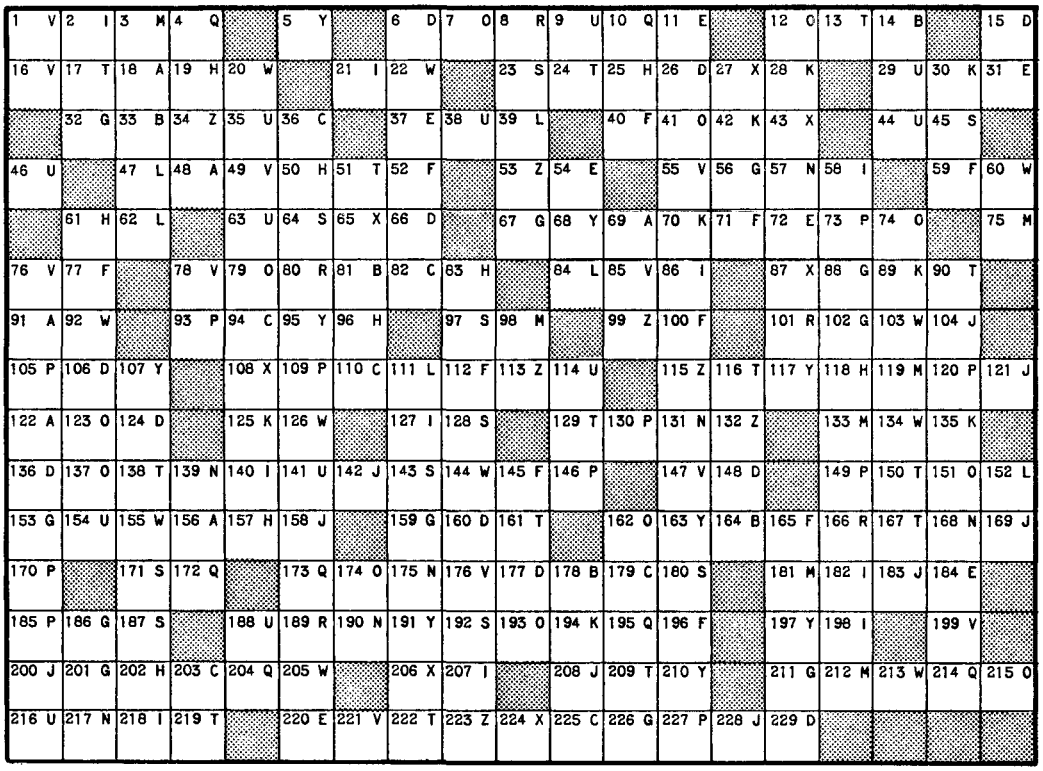
GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

JEEPS — $59.30! — CARS — $33.50! — 200,000 ITEMS!—GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—Most COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy—YOUR AREA—$2.00—MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—Government Information Services, Department P-27, Box 99249, San Francisco, Calif. 94109. (433 California).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton



Number 140

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Expressive of a vow, wish, or desire	18 48 69 91 122 156
B. River flowing from Tibet through Kashmir and Pakistan	164 178 14 33 81
C. Australian bush	82 94 110 203 225 179 36
D. General membership, as of a union, exclusive of leaders (3 wds.)	124 136 160 66 106 229 15 148 177 6 26
E. Nonplussed; at a loss; stymied; electioneered	37 54 72 184 220 11 31
F. Top-hole, first-chop, smashing (comp.)	52 112 165 40 77 100 196 59 71 145
G. Medieval ewers, often made in grotesque animal forms	159 32 56 67 211 186 88 102 153 201 226
H. Attire, clothing, especially ceremonial or clerical	25 50 61 96 202 19 83 118 157
I. Ruthless, tyrannical (comp.)	140 182 198 218 207 2 21 58 86 127
J. Forces into public view; reveals (2 wds.)	158 200 228 104 121 169 183 142 208
K. "No, nor the fruitful river ___" (3 wds.; *Hamlet*)	194 30 125 70 89 135 28 42
L. Topics, motifs	62 111 152 47 39 84
M. Richest; most profitable; greasiest	181 212 3 75 98 119 133
N. Withstands	139 168 190 217 57 131 175
O. Watchful, alert (4 wds.)	12 41 137 74 123 162 215 7 151 174 193 79
P. Town in west central Greece, on the Gulf of Patras	93 130 170 185 109 149 120 146 73 105 227
Q. River flowing from northern France through Belgium and Holland into the North Sea	172 214 4 204 10 173 195
R. Japanese poem of 31 syllables in 5 lines	8 80 101 166 189
S. Distinction, prominence	45 128 143 171 97 192 23 64 180 187
T. "Rides ___, and directs the storm" (3 wds.; Addison, *The Campaign*)	17 51 138 116 219 90 209 24 222 13 129 150 167 161
U. Role played by Charles Laughton in 1935 sea film (2 wds.)	35 46 188 9 29 154 63 141 216 44 114 38
V. Event won by Juri Sedych in the 1976 Olympics (2 wds.)	85 199 55 49 221 78 176 76 16 147 1
W. Mechanical musical instrument resembling a barrel organ	22 205 103 134 60 213 92 20 144 126 155
X. City in south Uttar Pradesh, India	27 224 65 87 108 206 43
Y. Stormed, charged, set upon	5 95 191 117 163 68 197 210 107
Z. Brutishly gross or sensual	99 115 34 113 53 223 132

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 139*** appears on page 47.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Data Game

"The quality of an education is judged on the basis of performance on standardized tests: If what you've learned is not what's being measured, you are presumed not to have learned anything."

ONE OF MY favorite annual activities is opening a new information almanac. The legend on the cover promises comprehensive lists and tables—all or most of the information I am likely to need in the forthcoming year. Several publishers produce similar volumes. In the present instance, my quarry is the *Information Please Almanac* (Information Please Publishing Company), now in its thirty-second year as—their phrase—"the answer book."

How much unexpected news can be garnered from those pages of gray charts! That there are 300 million dollars' worth of $2 bills currently in circulation (in whose wallets?). That the wealthiest state per capita in the union is —hold your breath— Alaska. That the least integrated profession in America is dentistry, which is 98 percent male and 97 percent white. That Mexico City, Manila, and Moscow are each more populous than New York City. That Great Britain is about to boast the longest suspension bridge in the world (in Hull), breaking the record that America has held for 40 years. That only 7 percent of the Italian soldiers in World War II were killed or injured, compared with 52 percent of the German troops. That almost as many Americans died in Vietnam as in Korea.

There are some practical lessons to be mined from the charts. The fact that Americans do 50 billion dollars' worth of trade with our northern neighbor should perturb us if we consider the possibility of a Canadian civil war. While we complain about our burgeoning federal government, we tend to ignore the fact that local governments have more than doubled their employment rolls in the past quarter century (from 3.3 to 8.8 million workers), whereas the federal rolls have grown by only 35 percent (from 2.1 to 2.8 million workers).

While each subject covered by the charts is discrete, some patterns can be discerned. In terms of sales, five of the world's largest corporations are oil companies; the other two manufacture automobiles. The most expensive and fastest-escalating item in the American family budget is fuel. Americans, who comprise 5 percent of the world's population, consume 30 percent of the world's energy: More than 99 percent of American households own TVs, radios, refrigerators, toasters, vacuum cleaners, and coffee makers; 78 percent own color TVs; 73 percent own clothes washers; 58 percent own clothes dryers and electric blankets. Despite the well-publicized energy crunch, Americans bought approximately 15 percent more luxury cars in 1976 than in 1975. If the President and his deputies would recite these homely statistics instead of lecturing the nation on such mysteries as costs per barrel and wellhead taxes, Americans might begin to sense the inevitability of an energy shortage and try to forestall it.

There is a gratifying orderliness in this almanac world. Every facet of existence seems so knowable, so measurable. To see how love is faring, one can check marriage rates, birthrates, sales of jewels and perfumes, visits to Niagara Falls, and so on. How Americans really feel about their governmental institutions can be deduced not only from polls but also from the percentage of people participating in elections and the number of letters to Congress as well as of citizens' protests, violent and peaceable. The printed numbers seem so definitive that one tends to forget that their accuracy is dependent on polling techniques, accounting conventions, the reliability of reporting systems. Is Sweden's comparatively high suicide rate, for instance, attributable to gloomy Nordic winters or to the fact that doctors in this system of socialized medicine report causes of death more accurately than private physicians, who are reluctant to anger other clients?

One of the ways in which Robinson Crusoe worked to civilize his lonely island was to keep lists. He not only recorded the length of his stay, the duration and characteristics of the seasons, his growing inventory of tools and produce but also cataloged in almost comically systematic fashion the good versus the evil aspects of his predicament (a sort of existential balance sheet) and, after his confrontation with the cannibals, the exact number of killed and wounded, as well as whodunit. Lists were his method of controlling the vast confusion of his existence, of reducing the unknowable (why was he on earth? why was he on this island? would he ever see civilization again?) to the manageable known. Lists were Crusoe's blinders: They blocked his view of that with which he could not cope.

Americans use statistics in a similar fashion. We prefer to measure everything, and what we cannot measure we prefer to believe does not exist. The quality of an education is judged on the basis of performance on standardized tests: If what you've learned is not what's being measured, you are presumed not to have learned anything. The worth of a work of art is often determined by the number of people who like it, and if hordes like it, the art is presumed good. On *Queen for a Day*, the depth of a woman's grief was measured by the applause-o-meter. In our own business, the size of a magazine's audience is determined by the number of copies sold multiplied by the number of "readers" per copy, with the result that a magazine that is only flipped through, like a porn magazine, can statistically look like a better buy than a magazine whose "readers" really read it.

Statistics and lists are obviously useful tools. They shed light. They raise questions. But they can blind the user to the unquantifiable aspects of existence. While reveling in the revelations vouchsafed by my information almanac, I cannot help thinking how few significant answers all those lists afford. They tell in their own way what happened but never why it mattered. And that, in the long run, is the only question worth answering.

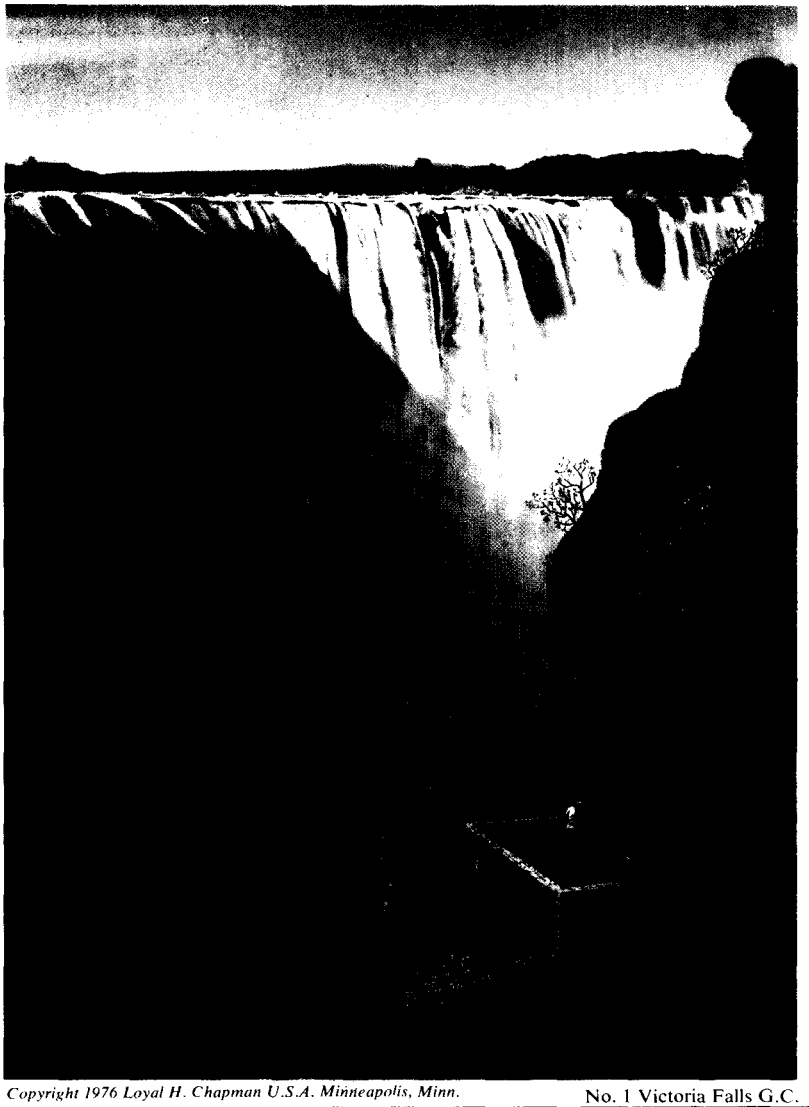
—CARLL TUCKER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Golfers, Reach for Excellence!

A Limited Offering of Chapman's

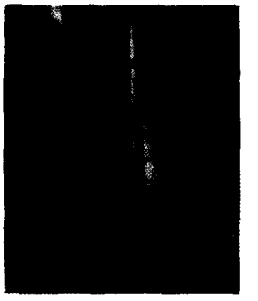
Infamous Golf Holes!



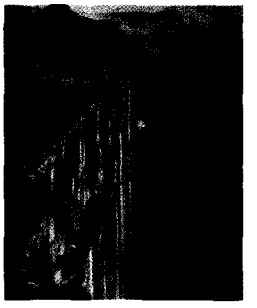
Copyright 1976 Loyal H. Chapman U.S.A. Minneapolis, Minn.

No. 1 Victoria Falls G.C.

No. 2 Smoky Mountains

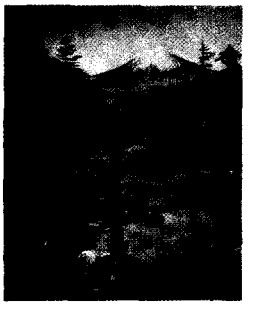


No. 3 Redwood Forest G.C.

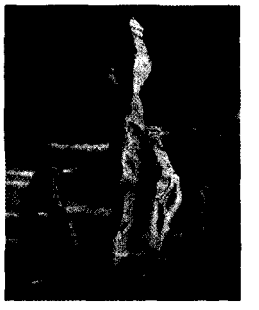


No. 4 Grand Canyon C.C.

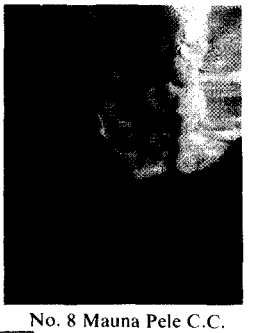
No. 5 Big Sur G. & C.C.



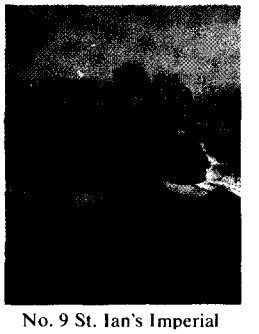
No. 6 Fujiyama Gardens



No. 7 Desert Winds G.C.



No. 8 Mauna Pele C.C.



No. 9 St. Ian's Imperial

ORDER TOLL FREE 800-621-8318 (ILLINOIS Residents call 800-927-8308)
24 Hours per day, 7 days per week

Exciting, Truly Dramatic

Imagine, teeing off at Victoria Falls, or The Grand Canyon, or Desert Winds, for the challenge of a lifetime! The original paintings are by world famous artist and golfer, Loyal H. Chapman.

Natural lifelike quality

These vivid, full color prints are perfect for your office wall, den, family room, or at the club. Captions for each print give a witty description of just how tough each one is to play, in Chapman's own interpretation.

Framed Prints include a top quality walnut finished frame with a distinctive color panel, and a unique protective coating which will protect your print from moisture, dust, and stains. Comes complete with hanger strap, ready to hang. Print size 18"x 24".

Satisfaction Guarantee: You must be completely satisfied with Chapman's Infamous Golf Holes, or simply return them within 10 days for a complete refund of your purchase price.

copyright ©1977 The Jaymar Co.

___ Yes, please rush me the Infamous Golf Holes prints I have indicated below. If I am not *satisfied with them, I may return them within 10 days for a complete refund.*

Check One:	FRAMED	UNFRAMED
___One only	$ 39.95 ea.	$ 19.95 ea.
___Suite of any 4	139.95	69.95
___Full Suite of 9	299.95	149.95
___Full Autographed Set of 9	595.00	295.00

My choices are: **Please add $2 per unit for shipping and handling.**

Print No.	Title	Quantity Framed	Quantity Unframed

___My Check is enclosed. (MN residents add 4% Sales Tax)

___Charge my credit card, No. _____

___B.A.C./VISA ___M.C. Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Street _____

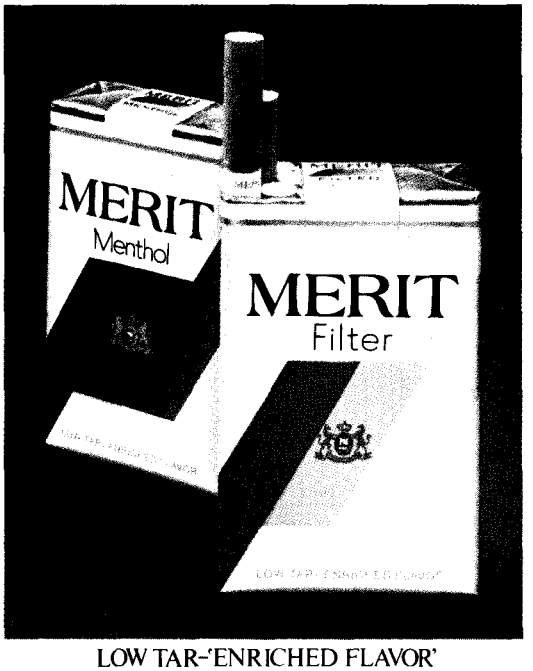
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send To: Jaymar Galleries, Dept. K-4, 919 Julie Dr. St. Cloud, MN 56301

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Older Brands Upstaged.

Growing number of smokers abandoning high tar favorites for Low Tar-'Enriched Flavor' cigarette.



LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

It used to be only high tar cigarettes could deliver rich, satisfying tobacco flavor. Used to be—until MERIT.

Recent reports on 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco—the new taste technology of smoking—show most MERIT smokers are making the move directly from high tar cigarettes.

Many from brands they've enjoyed for years and years.

It seems MERIT is filling the taste void for these smokers, the most hard-to-please critics of low tar cigarettes.

Taste-tests among thousands of smokers show why.

Merit Matches Higher Tar Competition

Both MERIT and MERIT 100's were tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1978

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED